TWOPENCE
Vol. LII.
1385.

THE MEN FOR 1933 By A. G. GARDINER (On Page 11)

JOHN BULL

A word to married women

MARRIED women should never "resign themselves to the inevitable." It isn't necessary to let the troubles of a household or the worries of children rob you of your health and vitality or deprive you of your looks. Even if it is a struggle to make both ends meet, women make a grave mistake who let themselves go to pieces.

Certainly, you can't help getting older, but you *can* retain the attractiveness and vivacity which made you so popular. You *can* prevent your nerves getting ragged and irritable.

Really it's very simple. Work and worry only affect you because you take nothing to counteract them. And it isn't any wonder you find yourself getting run-down and miserable, find that life has lost all its pleasure and its zest.

Here's the plan you ought to follow! If you find yourself giving way to worry, find your looks going, your nerves getting "jumpy," take a glass of Wincarnis at 11.30, another in the afternoon, and one before you go to bed. You'll feel the benefit almost at once. The very first night you will sleep better than you have for years, and wake up refreshed and re-invigorated. Your nerves will trouble you no more. In a few days your looks will begin to come back.

For Wincarnis, which has the strength-giving elements of the highest-grade beef, and guaranteed vitamin malt extracts added to the valuable properties of the purest wine, is much more than a stimulant, it creates rich, new blood, soothes jaded, restless nerves and builds up permanent reserves of strength and vigour.

Do you know that over 20,000 recommendations have been given by medical men who have proved in actual practice the value of Wincarnis in all cases of neurasthenia, anæmia, debility, weakness, convalescence and run-down conditions generally? Can you afford to neglect such an amazing testimonial?

Any wine merchant, licensed grocer or chemist will tell you how good it is. 5/6 and 3/3 the bottle.

If you prefer to try a couple of glasses before you buy, send 4d. in stamps, to cover postage, to Coleman and Company, Ltd., Dept. 289, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

WINCARNIS

THE WINE OF LIFE

Obtainable from all Wine Merchants, Licensed Chemists and Licensed Grocers. Price 5/6 and 3/3.

Have you tried Wincarnis Wine Jelly? Ask your grocer. It's delicious!

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MONEY. COCHRANE & SONS help you to make money. Turkish Towels, 3/11 per doz. Ladies' Art. Silk Hose, 8/11 doz. Genuine Tremola Shirts, 2 Collars, 3/11 each. Hdkfs., Ladies' 7d. doz., Gent's 1/2 doz. Ladies' Overalls, 7/6 doz. Hundreds of Bargains in our Warehouse. Wholesale only. Quarter dozens supplied. Come and see us or write for Catalogue, post free.—COCHRANE & SONS, 1, THOMAS STREET, MANCHESTER.

50% PROFIT. Buy Hosiery, Knitwear, Bedding, Cut prices. Money-back guarantee. Catlr. free. London Textiles, Ltd., Broadway Chambers, W.6.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

TURN YOUR SPARE TIME INTO CASH!

A Genuine Offer to *John Bull* Readers.

There's extra money waiting for you through Messrs. Freeman's celebrated Spare Time Agency. Cash or credit trade in Boots, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes and Underwear, Carpets, Linc, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Cloths, China, Toys, Baby Cars, etc. Largest stock in the Trade. Men in regular employment appointed agents on most generous terms. Absolutely no outlay. Liberal supply of samples and illustrated Catalogues.

Write NOW for particulars, mentioning *John Bull*, FREEMANS, Lavender Hill, London.

A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN! WANTED BY JOHN NOBLE, LTD., ORGANISERS OF WEEKLY CLUBS. The Ideal Club Leads for Value! Big commission; little trouble; no expense. Super bargains in Fashions, Footwear, Furniture, Bedding, Outfitting, etc. Over 60 years' reputation for value and Service. Thousands of enthusiastic organisers! Send p.c. NOW for 304-page wonder Catalogue and particulars.—JOHN NOBLE, LTD. (Dept. A.7), MANCHESTER.

50/- BONUS and Commission paid on 20 weeks Club. You can earn bigger money by becoming a "BRITANNIC" Agent for 1/- weekly clubs. Commission paid weekly. Send p.c. for catalogue 208 pages, Bedding, Furniture, Footwear, Drapery, etc.—Britannic Household Supply Co., Ltd. (Dept 90), Cheetwood Rd., Manchester.

EMPLOYMENT.

MOTOR DRIVERS — COMMERCIAL and PRIVATE positions. The finest PRACTICAL training to standard R.A.C. Certificate at the lowest inclusive fee. Day or evening FREE employment Dept. Call (9-7) or write, THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, 5, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W. (Corner Rupert St., next Lyons' Corner House).

POLICE.—For details of openings, pay and promotion in all Town and Country Forces (ages 19-27; height over 5 ft. 9 in.), write for Free Police Handbook to B.T.I., 29B, Oxford St., W.1.

A PAYING Profession—Become a Certificated Chiropodist.—Write parties, Home Study Course, 3, School of Surgical Chiropody, Leatherhead.

IMMEDIATE EMPLOYMENT offered in the Army to men between 18 and 25. Good pay. Free food, clothing, housing. Plenty of sport. Holidays on full pay. — Apply any Recruiting Office or Drill Hall.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (no experience required). Commence approx. £4 a week. Age 17-23. Excellent prospects. Free details of Entrance Exam. from M.I.E.T., 29K, Oxford St., W.1.

CIVIL SERVICE.—For details of openings, age limits, salaries, entrance Exams., etc., for all branches of the Service (either sex), aged 15 upwards, write for free Handbook to B.T.I., Dept. 311, 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

PRINTING.—Lowest prices. 10,000 Handbills or Billheads at 2/6 1,000. Catalogues, Dup. Books, etc. Samples 2d.—Mead, Room 66, Sandy.

BARGAIN SALES.

CARNIVAL, Dance and Party Novelties, Balloons. Send for free bargain list. "UNEEDUS," 70/72, Arundel Street, PORTSMOUTH.

WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns, post free.—West Riding WALLPAPER CO., 12, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 10s. per line averaging six words, Minimum Charge 30s.
Advertisements must be received not later than noon on Friday for the following Thursday's issue.
Address: The Advert. Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

A1 NOVELTIES for Dances, Hats, Balloons, Mickey Mouse Novs., Mus. Inst., etc.—List J.B. 1377 free.—Dudleys, 451, Holloway Road, N.7.

"CARNIVAL" Hats, Novelties, Balloons, Decorations and Wigs. Cat. J.B. free.—Bechs British Carnival Novelties, Cross St., Ldn., N.1.

STOCKTAKING SALE. THE FAMOUS "Aircraft" Gent's Wrist Watch with new type moving dial for 7/6 only. No hands, no glass. Extremely accurate, shock-proof, won't overwind. Chromium case, complete with strap. 3-year guarantee. Send NOW.—For full particulars see advert. on page 3.

DANCE NOVELTIES & ADVERT. BALLOONS LIST FREE.—(DEPT. 66), NOVELTY SUPPLY STORES, 220, MILE END RD., LONDON.

THE makers of the famous "BERKELEY" UPHOLSTERY have issued a wonderful new book which will interest all home lovers. It contains the benefit of the experience and advice of some of the most prominent furniture designers and well-known experts, together with photographic reproductions of some of the famous "BERKELEY" models, all of which can be obtained immediately on the first payment with order, the balance being spread over the period agreed upon. "Beautifying the Home" is the name given to this book, and readers are invited to write to H. J. Searle & Son, Ltd., Dept. J.B., 70/78, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.1, for a copy. In compiling this book they have given very careful consideration to each section, so as to ensure that every item of importance is included.

BABY CLOTHES (Everything Needed), 70 Home-made Garments 20/-, including Beautiful Christening Robes, Robe Rike, Afternoon Gowns, Nightgowns, Mat, Coats, Carrying Shawl, Vests, Back Flannels, large Terry Napp, Pilches and other articles needed for baby's birth, dozen only 2/- 100 posted on approv. Balance Cash or Terms.—Mrs. Sturgess, 67, Billing Road, Northampton.

WIRELESS & MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES & Radiograms, how to make cheaply, Motors 7/6, Bits, parts, Repairs, 64-pp. ill. drawings 3d. Regentbull, 120, Old St., Ldn., EC1.

AMAZING RADIO INVENTION which makes your expensive H.T. battery last at least 2 years. SEE postal bargain page 3.—Resco Appliances, Ltd., 28, Watling St., London, E.C.4.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA.—BUY DIRECT. Indian and Ceylon Blended, 4 lb. 6/6, 10 lb. 10/-. Carr. pd. Special quotations for large quantities, and packet teas.—Portway Tea Co., 72, Portway, London, E.15.

Amazing Offer to "John Bull" Readers

SUPERB 15/- EDITION OF THE FAMOUS

"Complete Family Doctor"

FOR ONLY 5/-

Plus 1/- Carriage, Packing, Insurance, etc.

Essential to Every Home

HURRY! Seize this Great Offer Now!!

In art leather, 14 art plates, in full colour and monochrome. Hundreds of other illustrations and diagrams. Worth its weight in gold; saves pounds in doctors' bills. Prepared by an eminent London Physician. Contains 400 pages, 200,000 words, 1,225 subject divisions, covering every department of health and medicine. Weighs nearly 2 lbs. An authentic comprehensive alphabetical guide to First Aid, Prevention of Disease, Symptoms, Treatment, Medicines and Drugs, Children's Ailments, Home Nursing, Physical Culture, Dieting, Sex Hygiene, Nervous Disorders, Childbirth, Mothercraft, Invalid Cookery, Bites, Stings and Burns, Disinfectants, Beauty Culture, Disturbed Sleep, and hosts of other subjects of vital importance.

Get this money-saving volume at this amazing price, while there is yet time.

Hurry, seize this great offer now!

Special 15/- edition, superbly bound in rich maroon art leather, embossed in gold.

5/- (plus 1/- to cover carriage, packing, insurance, etc.), total 6/-.

De Luxe Edition, as illustrated, bound in hand-finished golden brown antique art leather, gold embossed, a sumptuous binding.

7/6 (plus 1/- to cover carriage, packing, insurance, etc.), total 8/6.

Send the Voucher below, together with remittance and your name and full postal address, to People's Home Library Dept., A.B. "B," 8, Castle Street, London, W.C.2.

Actual size: 9¼ deep by 6¾ wide.

VOUCHER VALUE 10/-

This voucher, sent with your remittance, entitles you to secure the 15/- Complete Family Doctor for 5/-. De Luxe Edition, 7/6—plus 1/- for carriage, packing, insurance, etc., in each case.

J.B., 31.12.32.

GARDENING.

DOBBIE'S 1933 Catalogue and Gardening Guide, 160 pages, 231 illustrations. Free to all readers if this paper is mentioned.—Dobbie & Co., Ltd., The King's Seedsmen, Edinburgh.

DRESS.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 20/-, 75 Home-made garments. Worth £3. Handsome Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc., etc. Everything complete and ready for use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on approv. (Cash refd. or exchs.).—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 46, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a specialist's Positive and Permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly removing the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply, or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Rickyard Tablet Co., 36-38, Cornier, Derby.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, the Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

BLADDER WEAKNESS, Kidney Trouble, etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 2/-, 3/6, etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool, 3d. st.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance, New Discovery. Wonderful! No hard pads, no straps, elastic, cheap. Binds and draws parts together naturally. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks' Appliance Co., Ltd. (A930), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

INFLUENZA.—Vapo Cresolene gives quicker relief and prevents lung complications.—Write for free booklet No. 23H to Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., London, E.C.2.

PILES relieved instantly by the wonderful Hemsol Treatment. No ointment medicine nor suppository. Send 10d. stamps for Free Booklet on this remarkable discovery.—Hemsol Laboratories, 1, Ramsden Road, London, S.W.12.

DIGESTIVE TROUBLES.—Substitute ordinary food for a while by "Allenbury's" Diet. Send 3d. for 4-oz. trial sample.—Allen & Hanburys, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.3), 37, Lombard St., Ldn., E.C.3.

"DR. G.'S RHEUMATIC CURE" relieves Rheumatism, Rheumatoid Arthritis, Neuritis. A wonderful new remedy by a famous doctor. 3/-, 11/-, post free.—T. Griffith Hughes, M.P.S., Manufacturing Chemist, Deiniolen, N. Wales.

WOULD you like a "baby" bottle of WINCARNIS? The Front Cover advt. contains a special offer, in which readers are invited, if they prefer it, to try a couple of glasses before buying Wincarnis. Simply send 4d. in stamps to cover postage to Coleman & Co., Ltd., Dept. 38, Wincarnis Works, Norwich. Wincarnis creates rich new blood, soothes jaded, restless nerves, and builds up permanent reserves of strength and vigour. The benefit it gives is felt almost at once.

FREE.—Readers' attention is drawn to the valuable prescriptions published by Mr. Shadforth on p. 14. These prescriptions, in one form or another, are prescribed by the best doctors, but they will save you many a doctor's Bill, because they are moderately priced. A free gift—a 3/6 copy of his famous book of prescriptions—is obtainable, gratis with an order for any of the proved remedies appearing in the advt. Only a limited number of copies are available, so make sure of sending your order as soon as possible.

FREE to sufferers from Coughs and Colds. A few doses of VAPEX, Blue or White, will work wonders. It also gives positive relief for all chest complaints. It acts through the blood stream and assists nature in fighting its curative work in the most effective way possible. Readers of *John Bull* can obtain a generous trial bottle (only one to each family) by filling in the coupon in the advt. on p. 27, enclosing 6d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing. Send this coupon to-day—now, while you think of it.

READERS' attention is drawn to the PINEATE Brand HONEY STRUP advt. on p. 27.

EVERY man or woman reader whose hair growth is in any way failing, deficient or straggling, can obtain free of charge a generous trial bottle of Mr. Gaffney's Hair Tonic. All that is necessary is to fill in and post the coupon at the foot of page 23. Be sure to attach two 1½d. stamps to cover postage and packing.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. Bentley & Co., 7a, New Bond St., London, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANY kind Old Gold, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, Platinum Scrap bought. Highest cash per return.—Bell's, Headrow, Leeds.

DURE'S JELLIED ALMONDS are lovely. DURE'S JELLIED LIQUORICE is soothing. Sweet Shops.

FREE.—To introduce new lavatory disinfectant-cleanser, we are giving a 6d. tablet FREE to all "J.B." readers sending 2d. stamps to cover postage and packing.—Penn (J.B. Gift), 78, Judd Street, London, N.19.

OH, P. & the Proprietors of "BLACK CAT" CIGARETTES offer a "Riviera" 2-valve Set in return for coupons from 200 packets of 20 Red Band. Range is a gift of outstanding quality. Write for the wonderful new 13th edition of the Black Cat Free Gift Book, with colour illustrations, and a "start-off" of 5 free coupons, to "Black Cat" Gift Dept., 8, Arcadia Works, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.1.

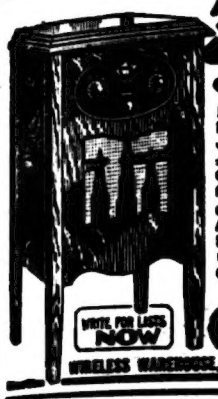
Provide for your future comfort and independence by the Pearl way. You can secure a cash sum for any selected period by a plan of simple payments to suit your convenience. For full particulars, write Pearl Assurance Co., Ltd., High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Mention *John Bull* when writing.

FREE.—Three trial tubes of Velouty de Dorin, the original combined cream and powder. Send 6d. in coin in return for 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage. Write, Dixor, Ltd., D3, 68, Newman Street, London, W.1.

THE "ATORA" famous book of 100 tested recipes can be obtained free on receipt of a p.c. if readers mention *John Bull*.—Address: Hugon & Co., Ltd., Manchester.

MAKE your own beer from "VIGGORMALT" Invalids concentrated extract of rich malt and hops only. Simply add cold water. For full particulars, write Viggormalt, Ltd., Dept. 4V, Daviador Road, Hove, Sussex.

HAVE you yet sent in your entries for "FITTING PHRASES" COMPETITION which appeared in last week's issue? £80 in cash prizes are being awarded in this free, simple advertisement competition. Note closing date: January 7. Make sure of sending in your entries by posting them now.



3 Valve RADIO £4.10s

No matter where you live I can fix you up with any kind of wireless set, including Radio-Grams, and guarantee first-class results. **All sets sent ON APPROVAL. CARRIAGE PAID.** All ready to switch on. **Cash or easy terms.**

WRITE FOR LISTS NOW

Chas. H. Bates

WIRELESS WAREHOUSE, DEPT. B, COVENTRY

ALL ROUND VALUE

AND A SQUARE GUARANTEE

FOR A STRAIGHT LINE

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 26.

TWO POUNDS SAVED

£3·10s CASH or TERMS

I save you at least **TWO POUNDS** on any cycle and you choose from the largest selection in the world. **NO CHARGE for ACCESSORIES.** Carriage paid. Write NOW for free copy of the most marvellous cycle catalogue ever published.

Edwd. O'Brien (M) Dept. 3, COVENTRY.

THE ORIGINAL

READICUT RUG WOOL

CUT INTO LENGTHS READY FOR USE FREE OF CHARGE

Cable and 6-fold. 100 shades.

FROM 1/- PER LB.

Send a postcard for **FREE** Rug Book, containing 33 coloured Rug Designs and Samples of Wools, Canvas, etc.

READICUT WOOL CO., Dept. J.B., OSSETT, YKS.

AVOID WINTER ILLS

THIS EASY INEXPENSIVE WAY!

no doctor's bills or medicines!

The new "WARMA" belt protects the Kidneys acting as guard against colds, chills, 'flu, rheumatism, sciatica, pains, lumbago. Absolutely invisible in wear. Made from finest soft, warm material, fleecy lined. Prevention is better than cure. Get one to-day and promote robust health throughout the winter. Post free. EACH 2 for 2/6. 3 for 3/6.

1/6

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

J.B., CROYDON STORES, 2a, Derby Road, Croydon

DYING BATTERIES

COME TO LIFE — NEW ONES LAST TWO YEARS

No need to buy a new H.T. Battery. REACTO — the amazing H.T. rejuvenator — will restore your existing battery, wet or dry, old or new, to high capacity by feeding it with L.T. current from only a spare accumulator, which needs no recharging. Batteries with REACTO last at least 2 years, maintain constant voltage, producing louder, clearer tone. Money refunded after 14 days' trial if REACTO does not do what we claim. No alteration to set. Intermediate H.T. leads unaltered.

British wide. Patents applied for.

REACTO REJUVENATOR

Post Free **3/6** Obtainable only from REACTO APPLIANCES LTD., Dept. L.2, 28, Welling Street, London, E.C.4.

BABY-CLOTHES

CHARMING HOME-MADE LONG or SHORT CLOTHES LAYETTE **30/-**

(Everything necessary and ready for use.)

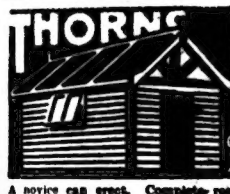
75 beautiful garments (for Winter or Summer Baby), Silk and Wool Shawl, Emb. Robes, Lawn or Wincey, Day Gowns, Cloth, Flan. or Wincey Nighties, Wrapper Vests, Bath Flannels, Hand-knitted Wool Matinee Coats, Binders, Feeders, Large Turk Napkins, etc.

PURCHASERS Write: "Highly satisfied." "Beyond my highest hopes." "Excellent materials and make." "A bargain I shall certainly recommend." "Worth £5" Mrs.

SEND **2/-**

FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL (Cash or Terms) Mrs. J.B. Howard, 68, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

THORN SALE



GARDEN SHEDS FROM 29/- DOWN OR 27/- CASH CARR PD

A novice can erect. Complete ready for use. 6 sections to bolt together. ½-in. planed moulded weatherboards. Planed framing. Roofing felt. Useful for storage, cycles, workshops, etc. Prompt dispatch on first payment. Balance monthly if satisfied. Delivery to door can be arranged anywhere.

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash Sale Price.	
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£2.12.6	or 5/6 monthly.
8ft.	5ft.	6ft.	£3.17.6	or 6/6 monthly.
10ft.	7ft.	8ft.	£6. 6.0	or 10/2 monthly.

Carriage Paid. Send for Special Sale Catalogue, No. 46, of Sheds, 27/-; Garages, 75/-; Army Huts, etc., showing huge reductions. Over 1,500 sizes and designs.

J. THORN & SONS, Ltd. (Box 46) Brampton Rd., Bexleyheath, Kent.

CROYDON STORES FOR VALUE!

200 LEATHER JERKINS

Lined Heavy Khaki Flannel.

Slightly worn. Practically new.

Ideal for Motor-cyclists, Labourers, Drivers, Artisans, and all outdoor work. Strongly made from finest soft Chrome Leather with thick lining throughout. Cost over four times our price to produce. Keeps you cosily warm in the bitterest weather. Wind and rain cannot penetrate.

6/11 EACH. Postage 9d. extra.

Send order now, stating chest measure over waistcoat.

Order now to secure. State waist m'sure.

EX GOVT KHAKI RIDING BREECHES

Just the thing for drivers, roundsmen, farming, stables and sports wear.

Genuine Army surplus unused goods. Extra strong Khaki Serge. Wear for years. Smartly cut and perfectly finished with two side pockets.

Sizes 28 to 31 ins. waist only.

4/6 PER PAIR Postage 9d. extra.

Also Khaki Bedford Cord, 6/9, and Blue Melton Cloth 7/9. Sizes 30 to 40 in.

BEST OF ALL

Not to be confused with cheaper plimsole footwear, these shoes are indistinguishable from high grade welted Patent shoes, but definitely more comfortable. Extra thick sole and heel, solid rubber, moulded to glossy uppers. Rain, snow and damp cannot penetrate. Strong lining throughout. Keep feet warm and dry in severest weather. Ideal for tender feet. Thousands of delighted wearers. Must be seen to be appreciated. Sizes 11 (to 3 for children.

Sizes 4 to 11 for men and women. Per Pair **3/9** Postage 9d. extra.

Per Pair **3/-** Postage and packing 9d. extra.

25/- SOLID RUBBER WELLINGTONS

Ideal for Farming, Garage, Fishing, Shooting, Stables, etc.

Huge cash purchase enables us to offer these high-grade Wellingtons at less than half original price. Superior in quality and finish to any being offered below 35/-. Knee length, with triple reinforced ankle and instep, extra thick non-slip sole, warm lining throughout. Finest quality rubber with dull black finish. HIP BOOTS, all sizes, 15/-, post 1s. extra.

8/9 PER PAIR. *Postage 1/- extra.* All Sizes 3 to 12.

Send for a pair now.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

J.B., CROYDON STORES, 2A, DERBY ROAD, CROYDON.

SOUTH WESTERN HUTS & GARAGES

Prices again reduced. Buy now before they rise. Carriage Paid.

GARAGES.

10' x 7'	£6 6 0
15' x 9'	£10 19 0

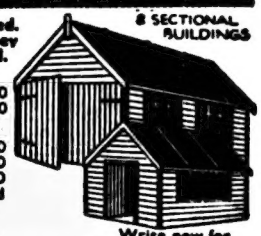
HUTS.

6' x 4'	£2 15 0
8' x 5'	£3 16 0
10' x 7'	£5 18 0

⅞" Planed Rebated Weatherboard.

DEFERRED TERMS ARRANGED.

8 SECTIONAL BUILDINGS



Write now for Illustrated Catalogue.

SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO. (1929), Ltd., Dept. J. High Street, Fulham, S.W.6. Putney 2771.

FOR ONE WEEK ONLY AT COST

To advertise our catalogue, we offer ladies' elegant walking-out shoes at the advertising price of 4/-. Rubber-soles moulded to an upper of patent finish; smart Cuban heel. These are as smart as shoes costing treble, and we guarantee months of hard service. Recommended for country wear, golf, warehouse, or smart City wear. Can be supplied in 1 bar or lace. (Mention style.)

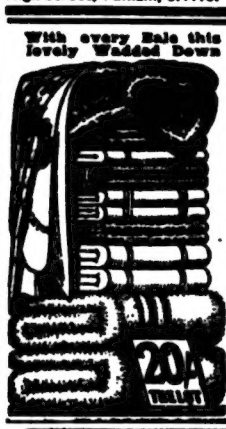
SIZES 3 to 7

4/- PER PAIR

Post on 1 or 2 Pairs, 9d., or C.O.D.

NUTTALL, 1, GOODMAYES, ILFORD

With every Bale this lovely Wadded Down



20/- THE LOT

QUILT FREE!

This excellent bale for only 20/- carr. free, cash or C.O.D. Immediate delivery.

2 White Woolly Blankets 90x70
2 Good Strong Sheets 90x70
2 Fine Pillow Slips 30x18
1 Good Bolster Case 58x20
1 Beautiful Bedspread 80x60
2 Coloured Turkish Towels
1 Pair Art. Silk Hose
1 Pretty Cushion Cover
2 Chamois Polishers
3 Dainty Handkerchiefs
ALL DOUBLE BED SIZE.

A handsome **WADDED DOWN QUILT** *given free with each bale.*

Also a Damask Table Cloth free if Cash with order.

Money back if not delighted

STANDARD (NURMAK), Ltd., Dept. C.6, 191, Princess Street, Manchester.

QUILTS FREE

SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK

2 Woolly Blankets 90x70
2 Bolton Sheets 90x70
2 White Pillow Slips 30x18
1 White Bolster Case 58x20
1 Art Printed Bedspread
2 Coloured Turkish Towels
2 Chamois Polishers
3 Dainty Handkerchiefs
1 Pair Art. Silk Hose
1 Willow Pat. Dustbin Set
All Double Bed Size.

Buy direct from our mill for service and value.

CARR. FREE. **20/-** CASH or C.O.D.

or single bed size 18/- FREE GIFT of lovely WADDED DOWN QUILT sent with each Bale.

Damask tablecloth also free if cash with order.

20/- ONLY

PATON MILL Co., Dept. B. Paton St., MANCHESTER

A BABY EXPECTED

BE PREPARED

THE NEW '75' LONG or SHORT LAYETTE

Beautiful Christening Robes, Robe Slip, Afternoon Gowns, Night-gowns, Mat. Coats, Carrying Shawl Vests, Back Flannels, large Terry Naps, Pilches and other articles needed for baby's birth.

"The 75" Garment Layette **30/-** SEND **2/-** For Parcel on approval, balance Cash or Terms.

Mrs. D. STURGESS, 67, Billing Rd., NORTHAMPTON

COSY & DAMP-PROOF

To advertise our catalogue, we offer men's cosy slippers at the advertising price of 2/10. Of imitation black levant leather finish (or imitation tan willow), these have a damp-proof rubber sole and heel moulded to upper, rendering them more flexible (and damp-proof on wet grass), than is possible with stiff leather soles. A fleecy wool lining adds to their cosy finish. Delightfully soft and a boon to tired feet. Send for a pair now (mention size) and they are yours by return.

BLACK or TAN.

Sizes 6 to 11.

2/10

Post of 1 or 2 pairs, 9d.

NUTTALL, 1, GOODMAYES, ILFORD

YOURS for 6D

£2.2.0 Value for 16/6 With Free Gift of Lady's Patent Shoes to every Purchaser.

LATEST PARISIAN MODEL

Produced in Fine Quality Chiffon, Finished Twill Back Velveteen, with all-round Belt of Self Material; Neatly Stitched and Finished Fancy Buckle; New Style Art Silk Frill Edged Fancy Collar and Cuffs. The Skirt has Plain Yoke Top with Long Full Flare. A design of perfection, suitable for any occasion. Selected Shades of Navy, Black, Bottle Green and Nigger. Send 6d. Deposit and 6d. for postage for Free Approval. If satisfactory, send 1/6 fortnightly until 18/11 is paid, or balance within 7 days 16/6 only. Sizes, S.W. & W., all lengths; but 3/6 extra for O.S. sizes. Give Length and Bust Measurement. NOTE OUR FREE OFFER. Every purchaser has, free of charge, 1 pair of our 12/11 Lady's Black Patent Shoes as illustrated, all sizes.

THESE SHOES FREE

Write for Illustrated Frock List.

J. A. DAVIS & CO J.B.66.

HOUSEWIVES!

AMAZING BARGAIN OFFER OF

EXTRA COMFY HOUSESHOES

Just the thing for housework. Perfectly finished with solid rubber heels, soles and flexible uppers with Patent Leather appearance. A more comfortable shoe does not exist. Ideal for those troubled with tender feet, corns, bunions, etc. Definitely wetproof. Get a pair to-day and know what foot comfort really is.

Sizes 3 to 7. PER PAIR **2/6** Postage 9d. extra on one or two pairs.

Also Fashion Shoe (lace or 1 bar), with Cuban heel, 3/9. Post 9d.

Footwear Specialists J.B., CROYDON STORES, 2a, DERBY ROAD, CROYDON

STOCKTAKING SALE

"The Aircraft" WRIST WATCH

SMART · RELIABLE

POST 6D

7/6

The new type moving dial wrist watch at manufacturers' price. Gives time to the second at a glance. The movement is identical to most expensive models, and is modernly cased in fashionable Chromium, now preferred to gold. Absolutely shockproof, non-magnetic and fitted with the new clip spring which prevents over-winding. Complete with strap. Three years' written warranty. Send this advt. and secure your January Stocktaking Bargain now. Also Pocket Model, 4/6. Post 6d. Ladies' Dainty Model with silk band, 11/6. Post 6d.

ANGLO AIRCRAFT WATCH DISTRIBUTORS (Dept. J.B. 3), 18a NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.1. *(Opposite West Central P.O.)*

FOR 1 WEEK ONLY AT COST

To advertise our catalogue, we offer you a smart rubber soled moulded shoe at the cost price of 3/11, post 9d. To render waterproof, the stout rubber sole is moulded to the upper, making it impossible for the severest weather to penetrate. We guarantee months of hard service. Send for a pair now. Recommended for mechanics, country wear, golf, warehouse, or smart City wear.

Black or Tan.

Sizes 6 to 11.

3/11 Post, 1 or 2 pairs 9d. or C.O.D.

Money Back Guarantee.

NUTTALL, 1, GOODMAYES, ILFORD

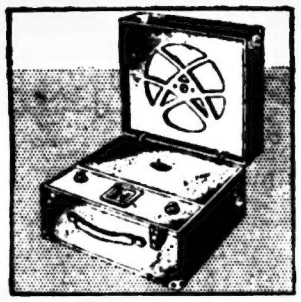
Black Cat Smokers Get this FINE NEW RADIO FREE!

RIVIERA

2 VALVE RADIO

IN POLISHED BAKELITE WALNUT FINISH

A handsome addition to the modern home, that will be the envy of all your friends, and give you endless pleasure by its flawless performance. Everything is of the best—Mullard Master-Valves, enclosed loudspeaker, polished bakelite cabinet in attractive walnut finish. It tunes from 230 to 550 metres on short waves and 1,000 to 2,000 metres on long waves.
Here's a gift of outstanding quality, exclusive to smokers of cigarettes of real quality—Black Cat.
Write for the wonderful NEW 13th Edition Black Cat FREE GIFT BOOK with colour illustrations and a "start-off" of 5 FREE Coupons . . . right now, to BLACK CAT 'GIFTS DEPT.' 8, Arcadia Works, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.1.

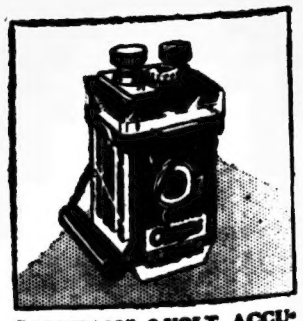


THE "UNIVERSE" 4-VALVE SCREENED-GRID PORTABLE RECEIVER—ALL COMPLETE—READY TO SWITCH ON. With four Mullard Master-Valves, H.T. Battery, Grid Bias Battery, and unspillable Accumulator. Fitted Loudspeaker and internal Aerial. This instrument is of high selectivity and wide range. Easily controlled by a calibrated dial marked to show from 230 to 550 metres on short waves and 1,000 to 2,000 metres on long waves
2500 *Coupons*

"RIVIERA" CONE LOUDSPEAKER. In polished bakelite cabinet. Walnut effect. Resistance 1,000 ohms D.C. .. 450 *Coupons*

"Nentron" Valves are fully guaranteed, and are obtainable in whatever voltage your set requires. They are British Made, and you can rely upon their giving good service and excellent reception.

ORDINARY AND POWER VALVES .. .. 130 *Coupons.*
SUPER POWER VALVES 160 *Coupons.*
SCREENED GRID H.F. VALVES .. .. 275 *Coupons.*



"OLDHAM" 2-VOLT ACCUMULATOR (Type 0.25) Complete with carrying handle.. 180 *Coupons*

free for smoking 200 packets of 20 BLACK CAT RED BAND (=1,000 COUPONS)

you get

Black Cat

100% PURE VIRGINIA 'QUALITY'

and far finer gifts!

STILL BETTER GIFTS & 5 COUPONS IN EVERY 20 PACKET OF BLACK CAT RED BAND 1/-

SEND FOR WONDERFUL *NEW* 72 PAGE GIFT BOOK WITH FINE COLOUR ILLUSTRATIONS

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY,

for Week ending Saturday, December 31, 1932 Twopence. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 2468.
Telegrams: HEROICALLY, LONDON.

THE WOLVES ARE COMING —Look Out!

Little Red Riding Hood: "And what a big mouth you have, Granny!"
The Wolf: "All the better to *cheat* you with, my dear."

Without Fear or Favour

AT this season there is a danger that New Year advice is likely to be treated as lightly as are most New Year resolutions.

Do not, however, pass over *this* warning, particularly if you belong to, or think of joining, the small-investor class. Disregard it and you will most certainly suffer.

Never have small investors been nearer to the peril of being thoroughly robbed than they will be early in this New Year. Never has an opportunity for a large-scale raid upon them been so favourable. And JOHN BULL knows that the attack about to be launched on them will be both vast and violent.

Very modest indeed would be an estimate that, apart from money in the savings banks, there is some £120,000,000 lying idle just now among the working and middle classes of Britain—money that is ordinarily locked up in reliable stocks.

Here, therefore, is the greatest chance the company plunderers have ever had. They mean to get that £120,000,000, or whatever larger sum there is lying loose, for themselves. Their plans are laid and they are ready to strike.

IN the last few weeks the Treasury has disbursed not less than £370,000,000 in consequence of its conversion operations and in War Loan interest. A great deal of this money has, of course, been received back for the new Government issues and a substantial amount has fortunately been flowing steadily into the prior-charge stocks of sound home industrial undertakings.

But a huge sum in the aggregate has been held back, mostly by people of limited investing capacity.

In addition to £50,000,000 lately paid as the final dividend on the 5 per cent. War Loan which was converted, more than £165,000,000 has been repaid to the dissenting holders of this stock who asked for their money back instead of converting.

No indication has been given from the Treasury of the number of War Loan holders who sought the return of their money, but it is known that the great majority of them were people with investments of from £50 to £500.

To them the new terms of 3½ per cent. were not sufficiently attractive. The foreign investment field is closed to them because of the depreciation in sterling and they apparently want more than the yield they could have from solvent industrial borrowers at home.

Unwittingly, they have prepared a veritable sharks' banquet. The sharks are about to rise. Small fish are always sweet to them and they can see succulence in plenty.

Close observers of the activities of bogus company promoters and suspect share-mongers were struck by the fact that recently this fraternity went into seclusion. But they do not hibernate, these elusive gentlemen, and a lull in their looting exploits invariably betokens preparations for fresh assaults.

For weeks the midnight oil has been burning in the bucket-shops of the West End and the City of London. All the known charlatans of finance have been in assembly, the guinea-pigs have been taken from their hutches and the experts and consultants who will sell their names to any proposition have been paid their price for their so-called reports.

Prospectuses of still unregistered companies have been printed by the hundreds of thousands. Companies long since dead and existing only as shells and names have been bought up and revivified and hundredweights of elegant literature have been turned out to announce their reconstruction as big profit-making organisations.

Even the "mugs-lists" are ready. These contain the names and addresses of the potential dupes to whom the mass of printed material will be sent in the first weeks of 1933.

Any visitor to the Companies Search Department at Somerset House during the past month could have seen these lists in process of compilation. The extraordinary spectacle has been witnessed there daily of scores of men and women clerks from the offices of disreputable financiers working from morning till night copying the names of shareholders from the files.

It is possible to forecast the nature of some of the schemes which will be used to tempt small investors—with promises of minimum 20 per cent. dividends—to part with the money they are not using.

The chief counter to be played by the spurious company vendors will be radio. An amateur who devises a new wireless circuit and makes a few receiving sets in a back-yard shed is seemingly sufficient excuse for the announcement by an upstart company that it possesses a revolutionary invention and a well-equipped factory.

With the help of sound financial houses and advisers, the fish, fruit and vegetable canning industry in Britain has lately been given a wonderful fillip. This will be a new field for exploitation by the company crooks. They had not thought until now of the word "canning" as a money magnet.

Similarly they will be found taking advantage of the public interest aroused by the success of recent research in the distillation of oil from coal.

No matter what the bait is, it will all be trimmed in one style. Big dividends! Five times bigger than those obtainable elsewhere!

THE rogues know that a multitude of people of moderate means have their savings in reserve for reinvestment in speculative mediums. They are about to give them the fullest opportunity.

Their success would spell tragedy for thousands of financially unsophisticated folk. That is why JOHN BULL will do its best week by week in the New Year to lay bare the wiles of the harpies. That is why our Free Advice Service is available to every reader.

But why does the Government hesitate in empowering the Board of Trade to examine and dissect all new public company issues and to put a ban upon propositions which cannot bear expert inspection or which have dubious origin and association?

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

And Now for Another JOHN BULL Year!

JOHN BULL can justifiably look back on 1932 with pride.

It has indeed been a JOHN BULL year, and, before we roll up our sleeves and say "And now for 1933!" let us take stock of it.

For such a stocktaking should not only give satisfaction to us, but to the hosts of readers who are behind us in our campaigns.

Without them JOHN BULL's voice would count for little; with them it is a powerful force in the land.

Lunacy victory

Let us give precedence to the relentless war we have waged throughout the year on the Lunacy Board of Control, whose clutching hand brands an ever-increasing army of little children as mental defectives.

That Board is still in control, but it received a severe shock when the Chamberlain Economy Committee and the all-Party Economy Committee of private M.P.s recently officially endorsed all JOHN BULL has, alone among newspapers, said against this despotic body.

We hope 1933 will see their recommendations acted upon and the monstrous reign of the Board of Control ended for ever.

We get it done

Many of the dog-racing evils we exposed are now being dealt with by Parliament. So is the scandal of sending honest debtors to jail, which we repeatedly condemned.

We had a lot to say, too, about municipal graft in two great cities. Official enquiries followed in each case.

Our condemnation of the letting of council houses to well-to-do tenants also moved the authorities to action.

Rogues unmasked

Numerous enemies of the community were convicted following our exposures.

Among them were master rogues like Spikesman, the "Homework King"; Philip Goodman, most notorious of long-firm tricksters; "Major Cooper," the "Cathedral Crook"; Geoffrey Kimber, who ran a newspaper swindle, and many others of their kind.

Nation-wide ramps like that of the Economic Finance Corporation were smashed by our Investigation Department under Sir Wyndham Childs, and warnings were issued to investors in dozens of big companies where millions of pounds of capital were at stake.

Write to us about it

The ever-increasing activity and efficiency of our Investigation Department is very largely due to the co-operation of thousands of readers.

Nowadays, if any reader is suspicious he promptly writes to us about it, with the result that it can be truly said that we are constantly informed of swindles before they have time to mature.

Thus is the public saved from roguery and trickery, which is more rampant today than ever before.

The helping hand

Behind the scenes our Free Advice Services, like our Pensions Bureau and Legal Advice Department, our great and unrivalled Free Family Insurance, and the Greatest of These Fund gave valuable help to many of our readers.

In all these respects 1932 has been a wonderful year for us.

We shall do our best to make 1933 even more so.

Does he forget?

Sir John Gilmour, the Home Secretary, must wake up.

He has been asked, following our demand, to see that British women who marry foreigners do not lose all their rights as British citizens.

And he's given the stony answer that Britain will do nothing about it until the Dominions agree.

Does Sir John forget that the Imperial Conference voted for the removal of this injustice, with the exceptions of South Africa and Ireland?

Dare not Britain remove a yoke from its own women until the rest of the world consents?

Our Challenge to an Earl

Farmers' Wicked Revenge

Britain lags behind

One of the most outspoken members of the Government is Mr. Ramsbotham, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education. He has just had a few hard words to say about certain employers, and we hope they will take the hint.

For he points out that only 17,000 young people in this country are released from work to attend technical classes once or twice a week. Yet in Czechoslovakia, with a population of barely one-third of ours, the number is 170,000.

We should have thought that *all* employers now realise that a better-educated worker is a more efficient worker.

Farmers we dislike

Norfolk farmers must think again—and think hard.

They are proposing to dismiss 6,000 men as a protest against the refusal of the county Wages Committee to reduce the minimum wage to 28s. a week.

We have heard a lot about the farmers not getting a square deal. We should be more inclined to listen if they gave their men a square deal.

Double dutch

If Gilbert and Sullivan were alive, what fun they'd find at Dartmouth College!

In this Navy training centre, large numbers of able seamen have been "axed" in the cause of economy. Their places have been taken by civilians, who, as they are themselves Navy pensioners, can afford to work for little wages.

But the seamen aren't vanishing into thin air.

They are going back to their ships and barracks, so their cost will still be met by the public.

Ugly figures

During the year ending September last, no fewer than 8,575 new applications for pension were received by the Ministry of Pensions from disabled officers, nurses, and men, and from the dependants of the deceased. But only 1,961 have been granted.

This suggests that three out of four of the applicants were wanting something for nothing.

We don't believe it. Does the Minister of Pensions?

And now for 1933!

Rulers. And they, we imagine, will just be annoyed!

We challenge him

Why shouldn't children go to school even if they have no boots?

The question is asked by the Earl of Glasgow, who adds that he himself went barefooted as a boy.

We suggest that he does it again, attired in kilt and coronet. And we hope he raises a collection from the interested spectators for the benefit of the kiddies who don't want to go barefooted, but have to.

Light and dark

Worcester Watch Committee has just decided against Sunday kinemas.

It was encouraged to reach this decision by the Dean of Worcester, who said he would rather see young people in well-lighted streets than in dark kinemas.

But has he ever had to walk about well-lighted streets in wet and windy weather?

And if so, perhaps even the Dean of Worcester would have welcomed a seat in a kinema.

JOHN BULL Insurance Benefits for 1933

Look Out for an Important Announcement NEXT WEEK

Retort uncourteous

The Government wants to scotch the Scottish Home Rule movement.

It will soon issue a statement alleging that Scotland pays less than its fair share of taxation, but gets more than its share of Exchequer grants.

Meanwhile, plans are being made to transfer some of the work now done in Whitehall to Edinburgh, in the hope that this will pacify all but the extreme Home

All smoke

Since we dislike those fussy folk who want to stop the harmless pleasures of others, we're not sorry that the National Society of Non-Smokers has had a fall.

The Society prosecuted a Manchester Corporation official and three 'bus conductors for allowing smoking inside the cars, but lost the case.

Nobody tries to force tobacco on non-smokers—in 'buses or anywhere else. They might remember this in future, and let others smoke in peace.

Fairplay

There's a lot to be said for the bold move of the Barrow-in-Furness Employment Committee.

It says that retired public servants who get an adequate pension, and married women whose husbands have good jobs, should not be employed.

Most people, we are sure, will agree. It may be hard on pensioners and married women, but it's not a tenth part of the hardship suffered by the families whose breadwinners are idle.

Price of heroism

When next you hear the fire-bell clanging, think of two North-country lads.

The first is John Pearson, a Birkenhead youth of nineteen, who is shortly to undergo an operation. He's had several already, and it seems doubtful if he will ever work again.

For, when rescuing a baby from a blazing house, he fell into the flames and was crippled—and has been trying to "keep it dark" ever since.

Not so soft

The second boy is Tommy Higgins, of Blyth. He is only eleven, but when his little sister was terribly burned he held her close to him to extinguish the flames.

Unfortunately, the girl died.

But John and Tommy have succeeded in disproving the old fogies' grumbles that the younger generation is "soft" and cowardly. Good luck to them!

More and less

For sheer cheek, Mrs. Ethel Dickins deserves to be better known.

She stole a dress, and two days later took it back to the shop to be changed. Her dodge was discovered, and the Brighton magistrates have just fined her £10.

Yet a few weeks ago we told how an Evesham man was sent to jail for a week for stealing a penny!

We suggest that the Brighton and Evesham Benches might swop places for a bit.

Give him a miss

Investors should ignore the stock and share firm of Montague Rance and Co., which appears to be composed of just Mr. Montague Rance.

He operates from North London addresses, the shares he deals in always "temporarily decline," and then, of course, he demands more money.

JOHN BULL can always find a reliable broker for investors. Anyway, they shouldn't risk their money with people like Montague Rance.

Sin and sense

If all police chiefs were as broad-minded as Mr. H. E. Derham, Blackpool's chief constable, they might have less work to do.

During an application for an extension of hotel licences, he told the magistrates that "if you don't curb people too much with restrictions you get better behaviour."

He's right. Better have drinking in licensed premises than broken bottles in the streets.

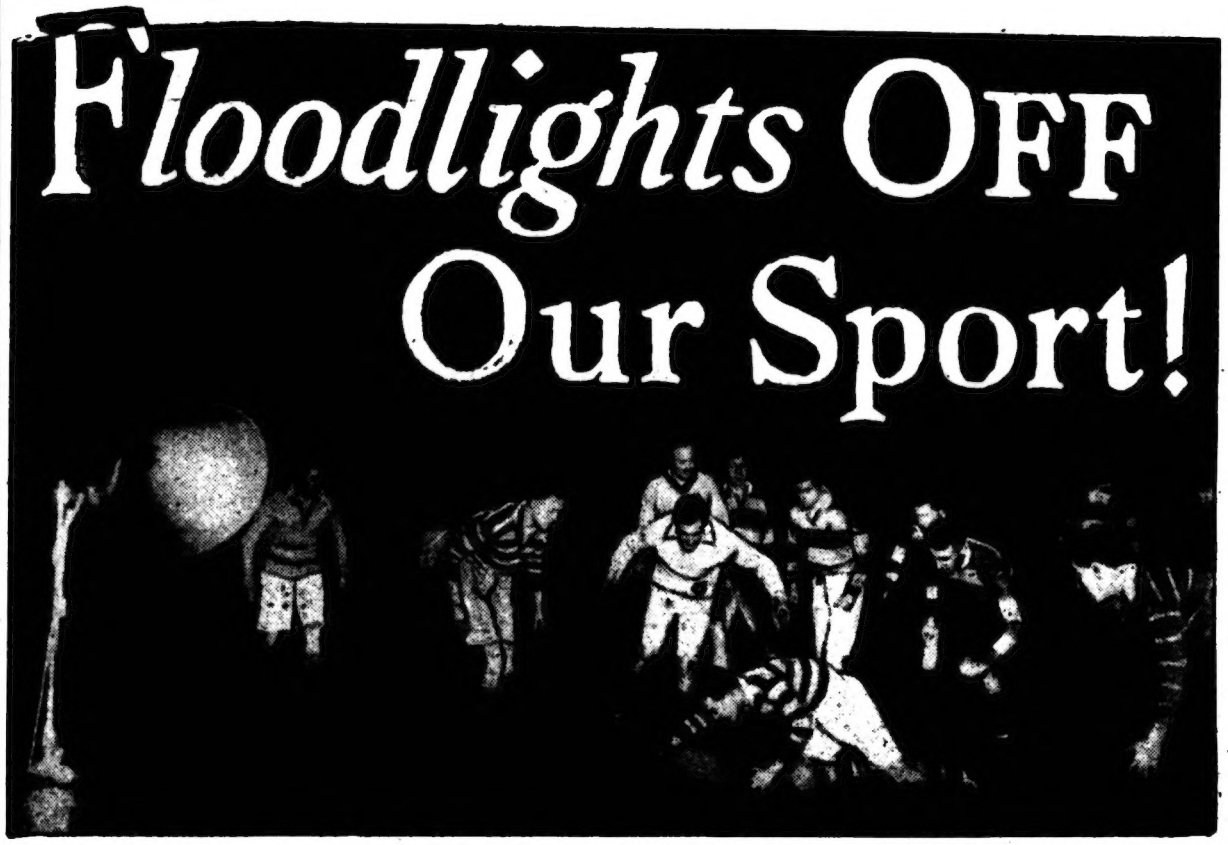
Slow but sure

There's just one word of advice that can be given to those who are tempted to take the law into their own hands: Don't.

John Ireland, of Nottingham, forgot this, and tried to teach a lesson to his neighbour with his fists. For which he has been fined £1.

Quite right, too! Justice may be very slow at times, but if everyone tried to administer it there wouldn't be much of it left.

Floodlights OFF Our Sport!



"There can be no real spirit of healthy rivalry in the sort of football that aims only at being a spectacle"

AN hour of crisis for British sport has arrived. All who love racing, football and all the sound, honest-to-goodness games and pursuits for which this country is justly famous would be well advised to keep a guardian eye on them.

The menace has come from one of the newest handmaids of Progress—electricity. Flood-lighting has made it possible to turn night into day, and certain sports promoters have not hesitated to turn the new invention to account in rivalling those established games that depend on daylight for their existence.

And so flood-lit pony racing has already taken place, flood-lit Rugby football has just made its bow to London, flood-lit Association football has been approved for trial, talk has already started about the possibilities of flood-lit horse-racing, and, as if it were not enough to tamper with these old-established British sports, there is a project to introduce into this country the Spanish game of pelota, or, as they call it in Florida and Havana, hiyati.

Well, flood-lighting may be all very well when put to its proper uses. But having had experience of flood-lit sport abroad, and knowing quite well what a serious blow might be done to horse-racing, football and other sports if it is introduced on a widespread scale into this country, I say with all the emphasis I can command: "Keep your lights off British sport."

The newest uses of artificial light that are contemplated mean artificial sport—and artificial sport is not sport at all. The sooner we recognise that fact the better.

Defying Nature

FIRST let me deal with after-dark horse and pony racing. The latter has already been tried in many places. And efforts are now being made to introduce the former.

At Northolt, where day-time pony racing is already carried on in a £250,000 stadium set in beautiful countryside almost in the shadow of Harrow Hill, they will soon start spending another £50,000 to establish week-night pony racing that will compete with "the dogs." A second course is being prepared and thoroughbreds of fifteen hands and under will be raced.

I know from my own experience that thoroughbred horses are finely balanced creatures that have to live finely balanced lives. How can they do so when they are expected to go galloping at night with enough light to illuminate a modern city pouring down on them?

As the sun sets it is natural and proper that a horse should become drowsy and seek rest and sleep. No sporting track enterprise in the world can get over that difficulty.

Real horse-racing is a sound and genuine test of a horse's abilities. It is part, and a very important part at that, of the great British industry

by LORD TEIGNMOUTH

the Sportsman Peer

of horse-breeding, one of the few remaining industries in which we still lead the world.

For a horse to run in daytime is quite a natural thing to expect of it. But to require it to do so at night is like dragging a runner out of his bed at midnight and saying to him: "You call yourself a sprinter, don't you? Well, let's see you run."

A leading trainer, a man with an unsurpassed knowledge of horses, has been telling me what he thought would be the result as far as thoroughbred horses and the horse-breeding industry are concerned.

Burning money

"IT will do harm to both," he said. "In any case, if it is started, it will do no good to anyone except the shareholders.

"What can it possibly do for the sport or the breed? For one thing, horses are accustomed to certain feeding times, and night galloping would throw their lives out of gear with the direst possible results. They could not be expected to enjoy their morning feeds—very essential to them—after strenuous racing the night before.

"And as to the horseflesh, the animals used could never be anything but throw-outs. For I don't think the Pony Club would recognise such a sport, and I am certain the racing authorities of the Turf proper would not."

Then we come to flood-lit football, both "rugger" and "soccer." I need not differentiate between them. It comes to the same thing in both cases.

One of the most serious obstacles is going to be cost. Flood-lit football might well attract supporters to a new sport that cannot possibly pay and yet draw so many away from the established sport that it would impoverish that as well. The result would be that we should soon see the great game of football fighting for its very existence.

I am authoritatively informed that the initial cost of adapting a ground to flood-lighting is not far short of £15,000, and that for it to be effective at least 35,000,000 candle-power of electricity must be blazing over the ground all the time.

This, to my mind, is one of the most serious obstacles in the way of the new venture. But I am thinking of others.

For one thing, it is going to interfere with Saturday's great carnival of sport—the games that are the zest of the week-end to millions of hard-working people. It has only to take a fair percentage of people away from the game proper to injure it irreparably.

Then it is going to turn more players into spectators—which will stem recruiting into junior football and so, in time, rob the biggest teams of their sources of talent.

You can't expect to interest people in an artificial, night-time version of the game without weaning them gradually from the sports fields on which they themselves play football. Their attention will become centred in a game that can never appeal to them as players, for who is going to provide teams of youthful aspirants with the £15,000 equipment and 35,000,000 candle-power of electricity that is necessary?

And another very important thing to remember is that it will kill the competitive spirit. There can be no real spirit of healthy rivalry in the sort of football that aims only at being a spectacle, like a kinema or music-hall show.

"Blind spot"

MUCH of the interest the majority has in the game lies in the battles of clubs to improve or retain their positions in the leagues, in the famous fixtures and events like the Cup Final, in the lionising of players.

It is doubtful whether the public will want to watch stale, tired players—as the participants must become if they start play when they are physically tired out at the end of the day.

It is certain that the public will not want more leagues.

Nor will it enjoy "fluke" football—and flukes there are bound to be if, as some of the players in the flood-lit Rugby test pointed out, there is a definite blind spot when the ball comes between the eyes of a player and the light.

Then there is the fact that there is increased difficulty in recognising the players, particularly when play veers to a far corner of the ground. Real enthusiasts, who like to know in a second who has the ball, will not like that.

Never mind what it is going to be like as a speculation for somebody. That doesn't matter.

It will be the great British public that will decide whether it is for the good of the game or not, whether it deserves to take the place, partially or wholly, of the great Saturday sport of football.

It will be a novelty, of course, but things that depend on little more than their novel appeal have a habit of dying as soon as the novelty has worn off. And by then the damage to the real sport will have been done.

There is yet another point—and an important one to my mind. Where is it all going to lead?

Flood-lit games were started in foreign countries because the heat and glare of the day make afternoon sport impossible. And darkness comes on so rapidly that games cannot be played at all in any comfort unless by flood-light.

The authorities in those countries would do anything to have mid-afternoon sport on fresh, cool grass. Yet they find it, of course, impossible.

Then when you start importing foreign methods of staging games, you are soon going to find yourself importing foreign games. That is why we hear talk of pelota coming here.

I have seen this game of pelota, and, believe me, I don't like it. I don't think our race will like it at all. It has nothing English about it.

The players have to throw a hard ball at a wall, from which it rebounds at great pace. The other players strive to catch it in hand nets, after which they play it at the wall again.

We don't want them

THE crowd, as I saw it in South America, literally gambles on every stroke that is made.

I have never met an Englishman who has seen this game who would not join me in hoping that it never comes to England. In fact, I go so far as to say that we don't want any foreign games here while we still have left the wonderful games of our own, that are themselves suffering from lack of adequate patronage.

If anybody wants to do a real good turn for British sport let him get busy with the established games in this country, and help to start improving them from within if they need it.

For we don't want the new flood-lit games either as a sport or a novelty.

Why We are Foster Fathers

Confessions of

THIS is an age of startling contrasts—even where that most primitive and deep-rooted of human emotions, love of children, is concerned.

More and more married couples, on the one hand, under the stress of the present economic conditions, are either avoiding or minimising the responsibilities of parenthood. And, as if Nature must restore the balance, more and more unmarried people, bachelor girls and bachelor men alike, are cheerfully saddling themselves with the obligation of bringing up boys and girls who for one reason or another otherwise find themselves unwanted.

What things they would have said of the bachelor foster-mother or the bachelor foster-father in Victorian times! Yet to-day they are here, and, what is more, in surprisingly large numbers.

So numerous are they, in fact, that when Dr. Maude Royden, the famous unmarried preacher who adopted a child in 1918, said recently that she had not heard of an unmarried foster-father, various organisations that tend children awaiting adoption pointed out that more bachelor men adopt children than widows and widowers put together.

"Is it fair?"

If the orphanage and other institutions were not extremely cautious in dealing with applications from unmarried people, the figures would be even more amazing.

There are obvious reasons why fewer married couples should be having children, of course. Heavy taxation is eating deeply into pinched exchequers. Husbands and wives contemplate the question and find themselves asking, "Is it fair?" They are quite distinct from the many thousands who cheerfully admit they would rather have a baby car than a baby.

But it is not so easy to explain why single people should undertake domestic commitments that many married people shun.

What is it that impels an unmarried girl or unmarried man to throw away a large measure of his or her liberty and take on, for life, a heavy moral and financial responsibility on behalf of somebody else's child?

Can it be that marriage has passed them by? Or have they passed it? Is it tragedy, a tragedy in their own lives, that has driven them to the doors of the orphanage or adoption home in search of a baby of their own? Or can it be some strange caprice?

There was only one way to find out, and that was by asking the unmarried foster-parents, as JOHN BULL has done. Sometimes they were diffident. Their reasons were too secret, too sacred. Or they feared that their story might give a clue to the natural parents, who might want to trace the children and try to get them back again, even though those parents entered into strict undertakings not to do so.

Miss "A," an accountant, was one of these. Let her tell her story.

"The only man apart from my own father who ever meant anything to me," she says, "was a boy who was killed in the war. He gave me my ring during his only leave from France. Three weeks later he was dead.

"My family told me another man would come along one day. But I just studied for my examinations and worked hard at my office, and put all ideas of marriage and children behind me. When other men did come along, they looked too inferior compared with the one I had lost.

"And so I found myself ridiculing the idea of giving up my job, which had become an excellent one, for a man I could never really love. And I am afraid if I ever thought of children at all it was as nuisances.

"Then, one day, about three years ago, I got in a District Underground train at the Mansion House, one that had come all the way from Southend. I found myself feeling rather angry because the only empty seat was next to a poor-looking woman who held a dirty, sticky-looking baby, filthy from rolling on Southend front.

"I hated it for a moment, and then it began to make friends.

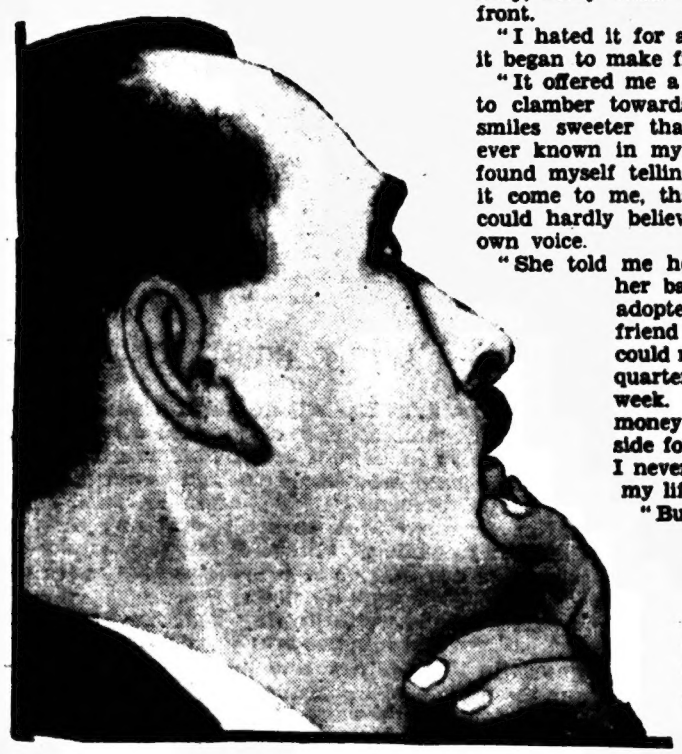
"It offered me a toffee. It struggled to clamber towards me. It gave me smiles sweeter than anything I had ever known in my life. And when I found myself telling the mother to let it come to me, that I didn't mind, I could hardly believe the sound of my own voice.

"She told me her story. It wasn't her baby at all. She had adopted the child of a dead friend — this woman who could not have handled one quarter of my salary every week. She had found the money to take it to the seaside for the day. I confess I never felt more selfish in my life.

"But it was not then that the idea of adopting a baby myself came into my head.

"They got out of my carriage at Hammersmith, and I found myself gazing at an advertisement panel from which a pretty nurse held out towards me the happiest baby I had ever seen in my life. *Towards me*—all the way to Chiswick.

Little children at the orphanages have a much greater chance of "finding" a mummy or a daddy now



What is it that makes him, a bachelor, long for a child to care for? . . .

I'm "mummie"

"Before a week had passed my mind was made up. Within a month I had a little girl to care for myself. To-day she calls me 'mummie,' although she knows what all my neighbours and friends and business associates know, that she is not my little girl, my real daughter, at all. She is nearly all mine, but not quite, she believes. And she is very happy about it."

* * *

Stranger still, in a way, is the case of a bachelor of forty-five, a man with a high post in the insurance world.

"The reason why I have no children of my own is that I have always been afraid to meet women, much less marry one," he says.

"As a boy I would cross to the other side of a road rather than pass a girl of my own age on the pavement, and as time went on my self-consciousness increased.

"It is not that I am a woman-hater. I have only known my own mother and sisters really well, and haven't met enough women to know whether I like or hate them. I think it began as an inferiority complex. I was afraid they would laugh at me. And to-day it has become so much a set habit that I am afraid I could never be at home in the presence of women.

"But that has not prevented me wanting children. I have always envied the office colleagues who have told me of strange things said and done by their own youngsters.

"I have always wanted to have a boy whom I could meet from school and take round London in one glorious round of pleasure. I could never imagine any

and Mothers . .

the BACHELOR PARENTS

"More and more unmarried women are cheerfully saddling themselves with the responsibility of bringing up boys and girls . . ."

greater delight than playing electric trains with some little chap about ten.

"And so I have adopted a boy and my dream has come true. I do not pretend that he is mine. But I often wonder—is it possible that there are two kinds of men in the world, those born to be good fathers and those born to be good uncles, and that I am one of the latter kind?"

The ghosts laid

There is the case of three sisters, their ages ranging from thirty-five to forty. Marriage seems to have passed them.

Their father died three years ago, their mother five years before that. Their only brother was killed in a motoring accident, just after the death of their father. And they live in the big, rambling house on the outskirts of London in which they were born.

The most recent thing in their lives is that they have adopted a little boy. The eldest sister appears as the foster-mother on the adoption papers.

"The old place seemed so empty and miserable until he came," said one of the sisters. "It was haunted by memories. We had seen so much misery there in the last few years.

"We would have sold it except for the fact that a big barn of a place like this would fetch so little and that so much more money would be required to buy even a medium-sized modern house. Then we thought of another idea.

"Now the place has a new interest. It is just as if light has come into its walls again. *He* is happy the whole day long, and we are, too. I think there are people in the district who think we are three silly grown-up women who can't get beyond the playing-at-dolls stage.

"They don't realise that we are enjoying a type of love to which we are well entitled."

A middle-aged man who adopted a girl of twelve is now busy making arrangements to send her away to college.

"Her father was my best friend," he said. "When she was born the parents came along and asked me to be her godfather, and I consented. Now they have both gone, and she is left without a relative near enough to care.

"I think if I had never agreed to act as godfather I would have stood by her. But one never knows. Anyhow, it is my feeling that when a person asks a friend to sponsor his or her child in any way, he is vesting a great confidence in them. He is telling them that some day, perhaps after his death, he may want a test of that friendship, a proof that it is not an empty phrase.

"That is why I feel it is a privilege to look after this child. And, in any case, my friend would have done as much for me."

* * *

Then there is the case of a woman, middle-aged, like the man just mentioned.

She is white-haired now, and so pleasant faced and homely that you know she was very beautiful as a girl. In ten years' time she will look very much like a film mother. Yet the one child she has to tend and care for, a boy of nine, is another's.

Why? Well, in her case the question must go unanswered. Her reply is an enigma. "Perhaps it is because I was never asked," she says.

* * *

And yet another spinster foster-mother. She is a fashion artist for a leading West End firm. She and her busy pencil go to all the leading capitals of Europe in search of ideas. She finds herself in London for a few weeks—and then she is off again. Hers is a real case of career-frustrated motherhood.

"It's just natural that I should want a child," she says. "But it's just as natural that I should want to keep my job.

"Oh, yes, I've had plenty of chances of marriage. It's not lack of opportunity. If I could marry and have children without breaking my link with my present firm and still keep on with the roving life that is the only one that suits me, I'd do it.

"But there you are, I can't. And so I have adopted a little girl. And I come home from abroad all the happier in the knowledge that besides my sister, who keeps my flat for me, there is a little face waiting that will light up when it sees me.

"All my friends know about the arrangement. My adopted daughter actually comes to my place of business and waits for me to leave sometimes. Only once has the tongue of scandal wagged concerning us, and I didn't even bother to deny what it said."

Son for the sea

There is the case of a bachelor solicitor who adopted a boy of seven with the ambition of sending him to a public school, and so giving some lad the chance in life that he had never had himself.

And a retired naval commander, son of a sailor who had in turn been the son of a sailor, who adopted a boy so that he could go into the Navy.

Childless as he was, he had always had the ambition to send a boy to sea, and this was the next best thing.

* * *

And a widow. "I have no people," she says, "and my dead husband's people simply won't know me. I feel I can't grow old alone."

And many more who are strangely diffident, who don't want to explain the motives that impelled them. Perhaps one can sometimes guess their stories. The telling has to be left to the adoption homes, in very general terms.

There are sisters who have adopted the children of their erring brothers. Men who have taken life responsibilities off the shoulders of friends. Soldiers of the Great War who adopted a child left by some very dear friend killed while fighting with the old regiment.

There was one reason of an extreme modern type.

"I adopted an illegitimate girl as a baby," said a woman in the middle thirties. "I am one of those people who refuse to put unmarried mothers on a par with thieves and pickpockets, and who longs for the day when a less harsh and more understanding world will enable them to keep together.

"My first experiment was to employ such a mother as a maid. Her child was able to stay in the house with her. When the father of the baby saw his youngster, and saw its mother in pleasant and bright surroundings, he married her, and so my experiment came to a delightful end.

Stronger love

"Then I adopted this child who lives with me to-day. There are economic reasons why it cannot live with its mother

"One day things may change, and the real mother may come and ask for it back. In that case I shall not exercise my right to keep it, although it will probably break my heart."

Well, why does a single girl or bachelor man undertake such a gigantic responsibility? There are the separate answers, so many and so diverse that it may not be easy to find the one big reason.

Isn't it because the world has many more warm-hearted people than we give it credit for, and because child-love is still a bigger force than most of us realise?

A PASTOR'S IMPUDENCE

THERE seems no limit to the impudence of some people.

Take the case of Pastor R. Colyer-Thomas, of Blyth, Northumberland, whom we recently denounced as a thorough-paced humbug.

The public will remember the shameful way in which he proposed marriage to a local girl, concealing from her the fact that he was already a married man.

But no one will be prepared for his latest piece of audacity. It excels all his past achievements, and leaves us gasping!

* * *

He is at present appealing in the Press for a cessation of the "boycott" against him. He even has the temerity to ask for "sympathy, not censure."

Well, well. We wonder what the authorities think about this impudent request.

We would remind this bleating pastor that the warrant officer of Stoke Newington, London, is very anxious to interview him because he has failed to comply with the court order for wife maintenance.

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to D. R. JARDINE

This Test Match BOSH!

MY DEAR JARDINE,—I could not help wondering, when all the fuss and excitement of the first Test Match was crowding upon our senses, filling the newspapers, taking the space on every contents bill, what it was all about.

The Laureate of Empire was terribly unpopular when he referred to "the flannelled fools at the wicket."

But when he wrote those words of reproof the need for serious thinking was not nearly as great as it is to-day.

Heaven knows, I read the cricket scores during a Test Match with an excitement as eager as that of almost anybody.

But I wonder why on earth we think it matters. We have sent to Australia men who get their expenses paid and so are called amateurs, and other men who also draw wages, so they are called professionals, to play another team of men, who, although they draw both expenses and wages, are called amateurs. And then, while they knock a ball about, the Empire stands still.

* * *

Unless we are careful, some unborn Gibbon will write, one day, "The Decline and Fall of the British Empire," and rewrite at considerable length the stories of the hectic excitement, in the midst of world chaos, over this ball-banging business.

He will point out how hypocritical we are even about what "England" meant, for, in the first Test Match, one of the centuries made for "England" was made by a brown-skinned man born in India, while another of the so-called "Englishmen" was born in the Australia against whom he played.

He will wonder, too, why, when there were 3,000,000 unemployed in Great Britain and there seemed no hope of any one of them ever being employed again, long columns were filled in the newspapers, first by statements that Tate would *not* go and that Tate *would* go, and then he would *not* go, and then he *did*—and then arguments as to whether Don Bradman would be allowed to play, because he was paid to write about it.

Then followed, when the first game started, descriptions of how a gang of hooligans, gathered on what is called "The Hill," jeered at you because you so arranged the play that, if possible, you could win, a thing you had gone 13,000 miles to do, booed when the game was too slow for them to get their two shillings' worth, they thought, and chi-iked the Englishmen and cheered their own side.

They call all this Sport. No one dares to point out how silly it is.

Why, once it was stated that the Sydney wicket had been specially prepared so as to give the Australians an advantage over the English visitors. Then this was denied. Of course, it would be. But the very fact that it was ever said shows that sport is not the great welder of peoples that we have always pretended.

Every Olympic Games is accompanied by rows between the teams sent by the different countries. Sometimes they fight after a referee's decision. Always there is a long argument as to whether someone won, or did not win.

* * *

Sport has got out of all bounds. Thousands and thousands of our people think of nothing else. Business men spend two days out of every seven playing golf, and the other five talking about it in the long intervals between work. Less fortunate people discuss, half the week, a professional football team imported from Scotland largely for their local amusement, and the rest of the time worrying about which horse will win, or why their horse didn't.

Heaven knows it is a great relief to people over-stressed by a dreary existence as slaves of machinery. What they would do without something of the kind to discuss, I dread to imagine, for they live, millions of them, in streets all of the same dreary pattern, surrounded by sordidness and drabbery.

Yet you, I know, will agree that it is overdone. You play cricket because you like it, and then you turn round and wonder why other people get so excited.

Meanwhile, when the great mass of our population is concerned chiefly with sport, which often means betting, without which much of it could not exist—this, of course, does not apply to cricket—they allow, almost without a murmur, reform schemes to be scrapped and progress to be stopped.

* * *

Indeed, so indifferent are they to the calamity into which the world has fallen, that they are only just beginning to understand that, with a calm indifference, they elected as Prime Minister a statesman who blundered so badly in Washington that, for the rest of our lives, unless we break our bargain, we are slaves of the American dollar.

For ten years none of us had worried.

We had got excited every time American golfers came over here to beat us, every time we lost a football match abroad, and every time some French horse came over and won a long-distance race.

It all starts off in the schools, where too much attention is paid to sport, and where our system of education is woefully behind that of the Continent. We think of Oxford and Cambridge in terms of the Boat Race. None of the public seems to care what kind of mental training goes on there.

Sport does not make our nation healthy and strong. Our children are being brought up under-nurtured and overcrowded. Few of us play games. We merely cheer other people playing them.

Now, mind, this in no criticism of you. You happen, for the moment, to embody in my mind, and in that of thousands of others, Sport, and all that it means. You are a man of great patience, or you could not have endured the yelling of those Sydney larrikins. You are a man of great judgment. You out-manœuvred the Australian at every point in that first great game.

And now that I have said all this in criticism of the nation's sport-lust—for I feel someone has to say it—for heaven's sake, bring the Ashes back. If you do not, I shall be as disappointed as anybody else. We are all to blame.

You play the game—but it is only a game.

What a game real life is to-day!

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Rt. Hon. G. W. FORBES,
Premier of New Zealand

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—My heartfelt thanks to you and the people of New Zealand for resuming your war debt payments to Britain.

In this way you seek to show your sympathy to a hard-pressed Old Country which seems to be shouldering most of the world's burdens. But actually you do more.

You show there can be no possibility of Britain going under while she has so fine a family.

JOHN BULL.

Sir H. KINGSLEY WOOD,
Postmaster-General

DEAR P.M.G.,—I see that girl clerks in the Post Office are to be urged to be more courteous to their customers.

As a mere man, I've noticed that a courteous approach is appreciated and reciprocated by most of the much-maligned girls in your employ, and I think it's due to them to say so.

Censure might well be reserved for those vinegary customers who treat them with contempt.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. R. STUART PILCHER,
Manchester Corporation Tramways

DEAR SIR,—You have done a lot of good in raising tram fares in Manchester. But not in the way you wanted.

The railways have been helped, and I suppose you are also improving public health because more people in the city are walking to work.

On the other hand, tramway receipts do not seem to have increased, so I advise you to revert to the old fares. And you might remember that a Corporation department is a public service, not a profit-making concern.

JOHN BULL.

MINISTER OF LABOUR: Some Sheffield cutlers work 60-hour week for only 25s. Set up a trade board and stop this outrageous sweating!—JOHN BULL.

Sir A. WHITTEN BROWN,
Swansea

DEAR SIR ARTHUR,—For years you have remained in modest retirement. Yet you should be one of the most famous men in the world, for, with the late Sir John Alcock, you were the first to fly across the Atlantic.

Now your name has just been recalled to the public because of your brave efforts to avert your father's bankruptcy.

Well, really brave people are always modest.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. HERBERT SMITH,
Mayor of Barnsley

DEAR HERBERT,—You, the ex-President of the Miners' Federation, have long been known as the miners' champion and an undaunted rescue worker in pit disasters, but you are providing a fresh reason for our admiration.

Your mayoral salary is £500, of which £200 has already gone in helping the poor children of your town, while the remainder is rapidly disappearing in other charitable directions.

Not only Yorkshire, but all Britain should be proud of you.

JOHN BULL.

JOHN WILLIAM TUNGATE,
H.M. Prison

ROGUE,—It's good to know that you are to undergo not only three years' penal servitude but five years' preventive detention as well.

You have preyed on the most needy and deserving of men—the unemployed—offering them fictitious jobs to get them out of the way and then robbing their overjoyed wives of their little savings.

Even your fellow-convicts should despise you.

JOHN BULL.

CHARLES HENRY PHAIR,
Jakeman Wharf, Birmingham

PEST,—I have so often warned the public against rogues of your type that I'm particularly glad you are at last behind prison bars.

In two years you filched 2,000 portraits and £80 from poor people by canvassing orders for photographic enlargements and then absconding, so that many people lost their only mementoes of dead relatives.

I hope your twelve months' hard labour will be really hard!

JOHN BULL.

Dr. ESTHER KILLICK,
Leeds University

DEAR DOCTOR,—You deserve the thanks of us all for being the first of two people to inhale deadly gas in an effort to make our coal mines safer.

You have already won academic honours, but you will have won the greatest reward a scientist can receive if you have succeeded in saving men from terrible and sudden death.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. T. A. LEWIS,
Deputy Mayor of Croydon

DEAR SIR,—You say you would sooner be burned at the stake than see your Croydon defiled by Sunday opening of kinemas.

Drastic words! But your record shows that you used them sincerely.

I like a man of conviction in this flabby age, though I don't expect you will find many converts.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. DICK LEVINE,
Cheetham, Manchester

DEAR LEVINE,—At a Manchester dance hall where there was a male beauty competition in progress, you were announced the winner without your consent or seeking.

You have since emphatically refused the "honour," and I don't blame you.

The nincompoops who strut and smirk in such competitions are beneath contempt.

JOHN BULL.

FRANCIS CHARLES ROFFIHILL,
Kentish Town, London, N.W.

BRUTE,—You brought an unwanted child into the world and then proceeded to vent your spite upon it, using a metal-weighted cane, a saw, and a red-hot poker as instruments of torture.

And you had the brazen effrontery to beg for leniency!

You were given a month's hard labour. I wish that month were endless.

JOHN BULL.

RT. HON. D. LLOYD GEORGE: You increased Carnarvon fund raised in your honour to £1,500, and are giving it to found a scholarship in Welsh history. The best way of proving that patriotism is not enough!—JOHN BULL.

KEY MEN of the NEW YEAR

Political key men of 1933—MacDonald, Roosevelt and Mussolini. But unless the men in the street are behind them in their efforts they are without true power. . . .

by **A. G. Gardiner**

I HAVE been set a difficult task by a correspondent, who credits me with a prophetic vision that I have no claim to.

He asks me to "spot the winner," so to speak, of 1933—in other words, to name the Moses (singular or plural) who may be expected to bring us out of the wilderness in the New Year that is about to dawn.

This is a large order. I am not such a goose as to pretend that I can fulfil it. If I did so pretend you would not believe me, unless you happened to be a greater goose still—the sort of goose who seeks his fate in the lines of his hand and consults the stars in Lord Beaverbrook's Sunday paper for guidance about his affairs.

But if I cannot answer the question, I can discuss it. And the first consideration that suggests itself is whether, even if we discovered our Moses, the job would not be beyond him.

In other words, have events got out of hand?

Gospel of despair

Mr. Montagu Norman, who as Governor of the Bank of England, has been one of the key men during the years of the Great Slump, seems to think that they have. He declared at the recent Lord Mayor's banquet that the present economic disorders are beyond the control of any man, any Government, and any country. He doubts whether anyone in the world could direct the affairs of his country with any assurance of the result.

This is a gospel of despair, and if Mr. Norman thinks that way, I doubt whether he is wise in retaining one of the key positions of the world, and whether we are wise in leaving our financial destiny so largely in his hands.

But I do not suppose he thinks that way. He was warning the world of the peril it was in, and addressed his alarmist words to a quarter to which I shall refer later.

Men have always influenced events and always will. They have influenced them by action, as in the case of Alexander or Napoleon, and by idea, as in the case of Copernicus or James Watt.

And though the problem is vaster and more complex to-day than it has ever been, it must still be solved, wisely or unwisely, by human intelligence.

There is no archangel or superman that we can summon to straighten out the tangled skein of the world's affairs for us. We must rely in the coming year, as we have relied in the past, on fallible human instruments, and hope for the best.

Let us glance at the most prominent of the figures who will make the history of 1933.

If I put Mr. MacDonald in the first place it is not because I think he is the most gifted among the public men of the world, but because he is the spokesman of the country which should have the most weight in the counsels of the nations in this critical year.

His most fervent admirer will not claim that he is of the quality of a Pitt or a Gladstone. His speech is apt to be as misty as his native Highlands, and he is governed far too much by his personal likes and dislikes.

But he is a good European, has a world vision, and in council is seen at his best.

He is handicapped by the dominance of the Conservative element in the House, but his personal position is strong, for without him any claim of the Government to a "National" character would disappear; and the responsible Conservatives are as anxious as he is that that character should be maintained.

If his health stands the strain, and if he will use his strategical strength as the keystone of the Government, he should survive the coming year and pacific and reasonable aims.

His success will largely depend on whether he has the wisdom to use the right men and exclude the dangerous men. He must keep that stormy petrel of politics, Mr. Winston Churchill, who is hovering about ravenous for office, sternly at bay, and should use to the utmost the enlightened and disinterested statesmanship of Lord Cecil and the unrivalled expert knowledge of Sir Arthur Salter.

Unknown factor

Next to Mr. MacDonald, if indeed not before him, the limelight of 1933 will fall upon Mr. Roosevelt. He is the great and incalculable factor of the immediate future.

So far he has not shown his hand, but upon the part he plays depends the issues of 1933. He will be fettered by his Congress much more than a British Prime Minister is fettered by Parliament; but if he has any more kinship with Theodore Roosevelt than his name betokens he will find a way of bringing America into full co-operation with Europe for the salvation of the world.

It is of good omen that he will have among his chief colleagues men like Norman Davis, Newton Baker and J. W. Davis, who are among the most enlightened minds that American statesmanship has produced in this generation.

It is unfortunate that M. Herriot will not be in the picture for 1933. But M. Paul Boncour is a man of the same temper and outlook. He represents the new and more reasonable France that has at last emerged from the desolating nightmare of Poincarëism that has been the blight of Europe and the world ever since the war.

M. Boncour will not have to fight, as that good European, M. Briand, had to fight, against the triumphant Chauvinism of the Paris Press.

I regard the new spirit in France as the most hopeful feature of the landscape of 1933, and of that spirit M. Boncour is a sincere and able interpreter.

And much as I dislike many of the aspects of his rule, I anticipate that Signor Mussolini will be on the side of the angels in the major issues of 1933.

He has noticeably modified his belligerent note of other days, is on better terms with France, and has definitely taken his stand for a pacific and statesmanlike reconstruction of Europe. I look to him to play an important and, on the whole, beneficent part in the drama of the New Year.

I wish that the sane and benignant figure of Herr Bruening were still on the stage in Germany; but General von Schleicher has at least shown wisdom in accepting the "equality" terms which France has now conceded, and declaring his intention to return to the Disarmament Conference.

Mr. Everyman's part

This is a good omen for 1933. It means that we are at last out of the orbit of the war and are getting to grips with the real problems of a reconstructed Europe.

If it were possible for the men I have named to be given plenipotentiary powers to meet and solve the problems of this distracted world out of hand, the thing could be done. Events are not beyond our control, as Mr. Montagu Norman suggested. But they cannot do so. They have each the public opinion, often narrow and uninstructed, of their countries to check and stultify them.

We throw on statesmen too much of the responsibility for failure. It is as often as not the people who are to blame.

And it is this fact I think that Mr. Montagu had in mind. He was warning the public opinion of the world of the peril that overshadows us all. He was talking to Mr. Everyman, the man in the street here and everywhere.

For it is Mr. Everyman who is the real key man of 1933. Let him come to his senses everywhere and the statesmen will be swift to obey him.

Not from the B.B.C.—Father Time Expounds the Philosophy of—

Earth's Oldest Inhabitant

"YOU are old, Father Time," the young people say.
Do you think at your age it is right
To keep on the move as you do all the day
And not even rest in the night?
But how can I help it? I go on my way,
Engaged in perpetual flight.

My head has gone bald with the passage of years,
My beard grown exceedingly long,
My eyes become weak through the shedding of tears
O'er excellent projects gone wrong;
Mankind's share of joy is, I know, in arrears,
But my faith in the future is strong.

For I have seen empires rise and decay,
And ruin o'ertake the sublime,
And famine and flood over nations hold sway
In every epoch and clime;
But healing such wounds, as I go on my way,
Is a mission entrusted to Time.

You must excuse me if I indulge in a cynical smile when I hear youngsters—bald and bewhiskered youngsters, such as publicists, financiers and elder statesmen, between the ages of sixty and ninety—talk as if the present age and its troubles were unique.

My position as the World's Oldest Inhabitant enables me to declare with force and conviction that there is nothing new under the sun, in the way either of joys or of troubles.

During my thousands of years of existence I have many times seen the world in an elegant mess; but, despite the worst efforts of blundering politicians and soulless money kings, it has always managed to recover. The building of civilisation took a good many centuries, and it is not going to be destroyed in a few decades.

The knowledge which comes with unparalleled longevity naturally makes me feel a little lonely. There are people at the head of the world's affairs who are treated as wonderfully learned and experienced, yet to me they seem as babes unborn. Even my esteemed colleague, Santa Claus, is a mere youngster compared with me.

I was a lusty youth when Eve was a flapper, and I'd lost most of my hair some centuries before King Charles lost his head. Looking back over my long life, years seem to me like minutes, the gap separating the last of the chariot races at Rome and the birth of Henry Ford appearing no longer than would permit of the tossing down of a couple of quick ones and a nibble at a spot of counter lunch.

But do not imagine that, because I am not as young as I used to be and have seen so many changes, I despair of mankind. Not a bit of it! I haven't been physician-in-ordinary to the world for all these centuries without learning that my touch can heal most ills.

It's only a matter of Time;
The world was not made in a day;
I'm as old as the hills,
And I know all its ills
Can be cured, as I go on my way.

Who thinks reparations and debts
Will be paid to the uttermost dime
Is a fool; so are those
Who so quaintly suppose
That Mars is a match for Pa Time.

I could not exist without change,
I've taken my full toll of tears;
And, as sun follows rain,
The world's due again
For a quota of Happy New Years!

Weekly Informations from
SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

BIG Speedway CRASH Sensation

Greyhounds and dirt-track riders were to run on Mr. Basing's track, but somehow he forgot to include racehorses—an omission difficult to understand in so ingenious a person

A FEW months ago one of my readers sought my advice regarding a newly launched venture known as the National Greyhound Sporting Club, of 9, Golden Square, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

Its directors were H. I. Burnett and W. Basing, who apparently intended to do great things in the sporting world.

They aimed, among other things, at making their organisation a kind of Jockey Club of greyhound racing, and, on paper, many of their projects looked really impressive.

But when I caused enquiries to be made so that I could reply to my reader I began to entertain grave doubts.

I found, for instance, that the club was quite ready and eager to obtain substantial cash investments from its employees—a procedure which I have often condemned.

The outcome was that I advised my reader to have nothing whatever to do with this proposition, and in the light of subsequent sensational developments it is more than clear that my warning was well justified.

Buying a job

For people who had not the foresight to avail themselves of the free advice service which is a feature of my investigation department have fared very badly indeed.

Among them is a Plumstead man who first got into touch with the National Greyhound Sporting Club through an advertisement.

As a result of interviews with the principals he agreed to invest a sum of £50 on the understanding that he would be given a post in connection with associated concerns known as the Dirt and Grass Track Association and the Barnet Speedway and Greyhound Racing Track.

According to an agreement which he entered into he was to receive fully-paid up shares as security for his money.

But no certificates were ever issued and repeated demands for same seemed to have no effect.

However, as the agreement also stated that his money was "returnable," he did not at first entertain any great qualms.

His position was to be that of gateman, and he was promised remuneration at the rate of £3 a week.

When he presented himself at Barnet, by appointment, he found the track littered with all kinds of rubbish and building refuse.

Labourers had to be engaged to clear the ground before anything could be done in the way of organisation, but eventually the track was opened to the public.

On the very first night the electric hare broke down and racing had to be abandoned.

The poor business done on succeeding evenings convinced the gateman that he had sunk his £50 in a dubious proposition. He decided to get out at once, but when he asked for his £50 to be refunded to him his request fell upon deaf ears.

Finally he was forced to take action against the National Greyhound Sporting Club for wages. The company showed its indifference by leaving the action undefended, and no representative being present in court, the employee-investor was given judgment.

But he has never received a penny of the wages due and, of course, his £50 is lost.

I am truly sorry for this investor and for any others who may be in a similar predicament, but it does not seem that much hope can be held out for them.

The National Greyhound Sporting Club, which was to have achieved so much in greyhound racing and dirt track circles, has come to an untimely end.

Its offices are no longer bustling with activity. In fact, they have been abandoned, and I understand that the landlords are now bewailing the fact that the rent has been left unpaid.

After the flight from headquarters there has been a stream of disgruntled callers who are likewise saddened at the discovery that this high-sounding organisation has played them false.

These include firms whose services were invoked in connection with the club's advertising campaign, structural alterations to its premises and the furnishing of its headquarters. Even the office typewriters were unpaid for!

A sum for rates is also owing in respect of ground that was to have been developed as a dirt track and greyhound racing stadium. So, all things considered, the affairs of the National Greyhound Sporting Club are in a pretty tangled state.

When I come to investigate this tangle a little further I am not altogether surprised that the project should have ended so disastrously for all concerned.

This mushroom kind of speedway-greyhound combine is clearly one that could never have come into existence if legislation, framed on the lines already suggested in this journal, had been introduced.

I do not think I exaggerate when I suggest that the status of the National Greyhound Sporting Club was of far too slender a character to justify it asking people to part with substantial sums in return for employment.

Be wise before

As I said at the outset, I was able to warn off one reader who approached me for advice before parting with his money, and if others had done so I should have warned them too.

The moral afforded by this story is obvious. It is better to be wise before than after the event.

I suspect that a lot of readers may hesitate to write to me about matters in which they are in doubt because they are afraid of being a nuisance. They needn't be! I am always here to answer queries to the best of my ability. It is my job.

A SLIPPERY LAND SHARK

WHERE is Arthur Lambert? Several people are asking this question, and they would be glad to receive an answer, because their hard-earned savings are at stake.

Among the anxious enquirers is a Tottenham reader, who first got into touch with Lambert in the expectation of finding work.

Lambert had advertised in a London daily newspaper for a man to assist in his land and estate agency business, and our reader was offered a post on the condition that he invested £40.

When he said that he had not got this sum to spare Lambert condescendingly agreed to accept £15 down and to deduct the balance in instalments from his new assistant's salary.

So our reader commenced his new duties, being promised £2 5s. weekly, plus commission on results.

For the first week he was kept quite busy, running round on his employer's instructions to look for new offices and calling upon other land and estate agents to enquire for particulars of business premises for sale.

But trouble soon descended when pay day came and he did not receive his promised salary.

Instead Lambert telegraphed 30s. to him and intimated that a letter would follow. The employee is still waiting for that letter!

Apart from having lost £15 and being fobbed off with a paltry 30s. for his strenuous week's work, this reader has had to meet various travelling expenses and is now unemployed again.

Nor is he alone in his distress. At least five other men have lodged similar complaints, so the suave Mr. Lambert has to answer for quite a lot—when he can be found.

Homely Wisdom
by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

Lift Up Your Hearts

RECENTLY I was sent for by a friend, a hospital official, to see if I could do anything for a patient whose stubborn mood of silent hopelessness in regard to himself and his difficulties was rendering the remedial efforts of doctors and nurses comparatively useless.

My friend said: "If nothing can be done to get him out of his present state of mind and induce him to take a happier view of things, he will die; and really there is no need that he should die if he would only help himself to live."

I went and tried my best to gain the confidence of the man referred to, but do not yet know whether I succeeded in any degree. Once or twice I did perceive a flicker of animation in his face as he listened to my talk, but I hear that the moment my back was turned he became as gloomy and self-absorbed as ever. I must try again.

What ails this man is a world-wide malady just now—the disease of loss of heart and of consequent interest in life.

It is an established fact of all practice of the healing art that the mental attitude of the patient is a powerful factor in aiding or retarding a cure.

Life-giving energies are set flowing when the faith of the patient co-operates with the skill of those whose duty it is to soothe pain and keep death at bay. In this, as in everything else that enters into human experience, the principle operates, "According to your faith be it unto you."

We know that Death must prevail in the end; soon or late we all have to come to terms with him; but there is an enormous difference between one human being and another in regard to the way in which the ordeal is faced.

In saying this I am not thinking so much of those who fear death as of those who fear life. Few people are afraid of Death when he actually draws near, but many are afraid of life because of the sorrows and deceptions it may bring.

It is not the assaults we have to meet in the outside world that are our greatest peril, but those to which we succumb within ourselves. Every man is more or less of what is known as a divided self; conflict takes place within us because of frustrated desire or shrinking from pain and difficulty. There is more breakdown of health from this cause than from bad surroundings or defective constitution.

It is all-important for our peace and happiness that we should be able to put an end to this interior strife when it becomes troublesome, for it involves a great waste of vitality. We can end it in either of two ways—by rising to a high level of action or sinking to a low one.

Either way will bring relief to the storm-tossed soul. We all know the feeling of relief that follows upon making up one's mind to anything from which there is no going back; but if, like the poor fellow in hospital, we choose the course of ceasing to care what happens, or of deliberately turning aside from the hard path of duty or self-denial, we shall put a stop to the inner discord at the cost of our manhood.

If, on the other hand, we pull ourselves together and face the future with resolution undismayed, the warfare will end in victory.

Try it, and the New Year will bring many unexpected joys to you and yours.

The Ten-Faced IMPOSTOR

THERE is a rogue at large today who may well boast that his face is his fortune. But it is never the same face for two days together!

His name is Robert Earle, and apart from being exceedingly daring and a master of bluff, he has developed extraordinary skill in playing versatile roles.

He deserves to go down to posterity as the ten-faced impostor, for though he never uses make-up, he successfully assumes a variety of poses which enables him to deceive endless dupes.

The ingenuity with which he carries through his frauds lifts him out of the rut of ordinary, everyday rogues.

At least one Harley Street doctor has fallen a victim to his wiles, and medical associations, nursing homes and religious bodies have all been imposed upon with equal ease.

Earle is under forty and carries himself with almost soldierly bearing. He is well educated; a fluent and convincing talker, and possesses the gift of personal magnetism in no small degree.

Jack of all jobs!

A unique feature of his frauds is the link that lies between his various roles and the professions of his many dupes.

For instance, when imposing upon a doctor, he may pose as the venerable proprietor of some big nursing home. When a midwife is singled out as a likely victim, he becomes a staid, family practitioner—and plays the part to a "T."

In the same way, he will set out to trick surgical appliance manufacturers in the guise of a dentist. The next day will find him masquerading as a representative of the firm he has just duped in order to defraud a dental surgeon!

Often he impudently misuses the names of famous professional firms, passing as a director, chief salesman or travelling representative as the fancy please him

Among names which he has recently had the effrontery to adopt in this way are those of well-known firms of surgical dressing manufacturers; printing and publishing companies; stationers; companies interested in the publication of literature dealing with medical matters, and, amongst others, several firms which trade in medical supplies.

But let us give the story of one of his latest exploits by way of illustration.

One of Robert Earle's impudent poses was that of a dentist—certainly the most excusable, since his strong suit is always extraction!

The other day he drove up in his car to a maternity home in Romford, Essex, and, handing in a card describing himself as Patrick Kelly, asked for an interview with the secretary of the institution.

When his request was granted he lost no time in producing a sheaf of elaborately printed matter relating to surgical dressings and medical accessories of all kinds.

He pointed out that these were the product of a first-class firm, and he drew the secretary's attention to the fact that the prices had just been reduced and that specially attractive terms could be obtained if an order were placed at once.

All his eloquent arguments were more than supported by the catalogues he produced, and the firm named being well known in professional circles, the secretary had no hesitation in placing a very substantial order.

The double trick

This was the cue for Mr. Patrick Kelly to enlarge upon the "specially attractive terms" at which he had hinted. Cash with order would secure a generous discount on the already reduced prices, he declared, so a cheque was made out in favour of the firm in question and handed to Mr. Kelly.

The latter then took his departure, promising delivery of the goods within a few days.

No suspicions were entertained about him until the goods failed to arrive. Then, when the secretary of the nursing home got into touch with the manufacturers, he learnt how completely deceived he had been.

All the firm could tell him about the suave Mr. Kelly was that he had occasioned it endless annoyance and anxiety by fraudulently obtaining orders in its good name and subsequently forging cheques made out in its favour by unsuspecting dupes!

Countless complaints of a similar character have been lodged against this rogue during the last month or two. And some idea of the area he has combed will be gathered when we say that victims are to be found in places as far apart as Chorley and Halifax.

In one case that has come to our notice Earle, alias Kelly, posed as the headmaster of a big public school and telephoned an order with a printer for a supply of visiting cards in this assumed name.

He gave special instructions for the cards to be sent up to the school at a certain hour, and when the time arrived he lay in wait for the messenger, intercepted him and so secured possession of the cards.

Later, he used these to obtain money by false pretences in other quarters. And, with characteristic impudence, he added insult to injury by perpetrating fresh frauds in the name of the printer he had thus tricked!

In another instance he cleverly deceived a young doctor by calling upon him in the guise of an official from the Ministry of Health.

Many-named, too

To lend colour to his story he produced a register of medical practitioners working under the Ministry of Health scheme, and as the young doctor had just taken a panel, the bogus official suggested that it would be essential for him to secure certain special ledgers, certificates, forms, etc., in addition to those already issued.

Quite convinced, the doctor paid a fee which Earle demanded, and he was not enlightened until he rang up the Ministry to ask when his new books and other "essentials" would be delivered!

Earle's aliases are almost as endless as his devices for obtaining money by false pretences, and include "Peter Gordon," "John Turner," "R. Conway," "L. Meade," "Thomas Headley" and "Patrick Hayes."

His numerous professional dupes will give a united sigh of satisfaction when he is eventually laid by the heels.

KARL *Pulls It Off*

MR. JOHN HODGSON, of "Dobfield," Laycock, Keighley, Yorks, likes his fun. He has made a habit of using the Christian name of "Karl" for fun and, incidentally, has always believed that success would attend him in competitions when using it.

John is a good name, but Karl is certainly better so far as he is concerned. Using Karl as the first name of his signature on his coupon in our Crossword competition No. 192, he was successful in submitting a correct solution, the only one we received.

"Karl" Hodgson thereby wins the magnificent First Prize of £300 and a Pension of 30s. a week for life.

Young Karl—he is only nineteen years of age—is a grocer's assistant at Keighley. He is unmarried and lives with his people at his father's farmstead in an isolated district situated between two high hills at Laycock. In this out-of-the-way spot young Mr. Hodgson spends most of his spare time in the fascinating study of competitions and, for such a youngster, has had quite a lot of success.

The prizes he has won previously, however, have been small, and those successes pale into insignificance now that he has "pulled off" something big.

His family have frequently chided him for what they regarded as time wasted on competitions, but he has always maintained that one day he would have the laugh of them. He has certainly justified that prediction in becoming JOHN BULL's third Crossword Pensioner.

Mr. Hodgson is a sticker. No half-measures for him. Assiduously he enters our competition each week with all the enthusiasm of one who has faith in himself and his ultimate triumph. Always he was certain that his unflagging study of our Crossword square would eventually result in a first prize coming his way.

He is, too, an enthusiast for his job in life, and, if he applies to his daily work the same intensity of purpose shown in his competition studies, he will undoubtedly go far. He is delighted with his success, and with even greater faith in the name of "Karl" is planning fresh onslaughts in the competition field.

A little bird has whispered that the big prize he has won may lead eventually to "Karl" Hodgson setting up as a master grocer, but first of all he must get that new wireless set that he's promised himself.

On page 28 we offer another big Crossword Life Pension with £300 cash. And in addition to £200 in other awards, we have arranged this week for every cash prize-winner to receive a Souvenir Award value £2, which has never been offered before in any competition. Solve the entertaining puzzle this evening!

High Cost of Giving

WHAT is wrong with the administration of the Birmingham and District Social Service League, of Broad Street, Birmingham?

Many subscribers may be forgiven for asking this question, for an examination of the league's finances affords ample food for thought.

No one could quarrel with the aims and objects for which this organisation collects money from the public. It boasts long service among the poor and needy and arranges summer outings and Christmas parties for the poorest of the city's children.

"We have provided clothing for men to make them respectable enough that they might present themselves for the work to which we have sent them," runs one report. "It is the wisest charity to help men to their feet."

All this is calculated to move generous and charitable folk to give all the monetary assistance they can; but when we review actual figures we have doubts.

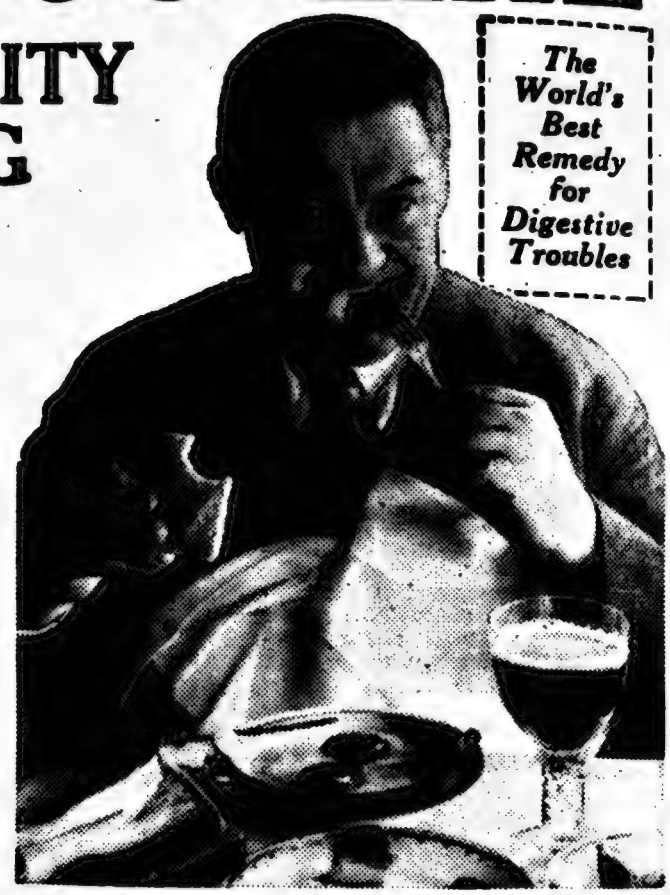
In 1926 administration expenses swallowed £760 16s., as against £424 14s. 1d. devoted to charity; in 1927 the proportions were £895 0s. 7d. and £558 9s.; in 1928 £826 19s. 5d. and £243 17s. 6d.; in 1930, £935 6s. 8d. and £228 1s.

From this it will be seen that while administration expenses have mounted steadily the charitable disbursements have dwindled drastically, until in 1930, the last figures before us, the poor and needy were getting barely 4s. out of every 20s. subscribed!

So something must be wrong somewhere!

EAT WHAT YOU LIKE

NO MORE GASTRITIS, ACIDITY and PAIN AFTER EATING



The World's Best Remedy for Digestive Troubles

THE Festive Season plays havoc with your digestion, but such troubles are speedily and easily overcome by this famous prescription. Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastritis or Gastric Catarrh, Wind, Flatulence, Fullness after Meals and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by Shadforth Acidity Tablets (No. 1077), Popularly known as "White Lions." Prepared after the formula now successfully used in the leading Hospitals and Clinics by Specialists in the treatment of stomach pains and gastric ulcers.

This prescription is non-purgative—Avoid fried, oily foods and excess of starchy foods for a few days. Dose—2 Tablets before each meal. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement; clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished; long, sour face replaced by such broad, sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change. **Price 1/4 [72], 2/6 [144], 7/- [432 Lions], with directions.**

START THE NEW YEAR WELL!

Below are some further examples of "SHADFORTH" PRESCRIPTIONS MOST IN USE AT THIS SEASON OF THE YEAR. KEEP THEM IN YOUR MEDICINE CHEST!

They will save you many a doctor's bill. In one form or another Shadforth Prescriptions, to-day, are prescribed by the world's best doctors. All the ingredients used are of the utmost purity and efficacy.

Mr. Shadforth's reputation as a high-class chemist guarantees the quality of these excellent prescriptions

Each one is prepared according to a proved and tested formula.

10 FAMOUS PRESCRIPTIONS WHICH RENEW HEALTH AND SAVE DOCTORS' BILLS!

HEART TROUBLE

PRESCRIPTION THAT WILL GIVE YOUR HEART A NEW LEASE OF LIFE.

HEART DISEASE IS RARE; don't be alarmed because you suffer from palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. **Shadforth Tonic No. 632** (known as "Blue Lion" Fox Nuts) will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. Prices: 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), 13/- (432 pills). This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, heart weakness, tremblings, run-down condition, and stops your falling to pieces feeling. Can be taken alternately with No. 470 (Brain Sparklers). See opposite. Order one of each.

WOMEN OVER FORTY NEED THIS TONIC

WOMAN'S MIDDLE LIFE TONIC.

Just the thing to get you through those difficult years and re-establish your health. A gentle tonic for stomach, heart, nerves, and blood—exactly what your doctor gives you. Does not purge or constipate. Improves appetite and complexion. Removes depression and languor. Gives courage, hope, and a new lease of life. Also the best tonic for anæmic girls and nursing or expectant mothers. Ask for **Shadforth Prescription No. 2,457**—the critical time tonic. In boxes at 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), and 13/- (432 pills).

ACUTE GOUT, ARTHRITIS, SWOLLEN JOINTS

For all uric acid troubles, including Rheumatic Gout, Rheumatoid Arthritis, Swollen Joints, and Acute Gout, a world-famed remedy is found in the **"Shadforth" Three-fold Treatment (No. 76/T).** It promptly reduces swelling and inflammation: it reduces pain and expels uric acid; it kills bacteria in the blood and makes movement a pleasure. The treatment is second to none for Acute Gout. Supplied with full directions at 2/6 and 5/6 **(No. 76/T).**

SLEEPLESSNESS

Whisky at bedtime induces sleep, but it makes your nerves worse. Sleepless souls will find such simple herbs as gentian, hops, valerian, scullcap, and asafetida safer and of permanent value, they soothe the nerves. Your sleep will be as refreshing as if you lived in a hopfield. Dispensed as **Shadforth Prescription (No. 32)**, in boxes at 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100 pills). One of the most simple and hygienic methods of promoting sleep and suitable for all cases is the HOP PILLOW. Send for **No. 8128.** Price 10/6.

EVERY WORKER (& HIS WIFE) NEEDS BRAIN SPARKLERS

THE WONDERFUL BRAIN TONIC TABLETS.

THE MIGHTY TONIC FOR MIND & NERVES

"Brain Sparklers" are the greatest of all mind and nerve tonics. They cure mental depression, relieve the strain on the brain. Take one or two with meals and you will be brighter in an hour and a new man or woman in 2 days.

"Brain Sparklers" dispel Absentmindedness, Debility, Depression, Brain Fag, Loss of Memory, Despondency, Fear of Failure, Frowns, Irritability, Lassitude, Neurasthenia, Palpitation, Run Down Conditions, Sleeplessness, Weakness. For Civil Servants, Editors, Journalists, Lecturers, Pressmen, Politicians, Preachers, Teachers, and all Brain Workers. **Send for the Prescription No. 470. A proved Remedy. Prices: 1/9 (25), 3/3 (50), 6/- (100).**

Can be taken alternately with the Heart Tonic (No. 632). That is to say take No. 470 for a few days and then No. 632 for a few days, and so on. (See opposite.)

COLD IN THE NOSE OR HEAD

CATARRH, BRONCHIAL COUGH and INFLUENZA.

Catarrh is often the first stage of Bronchitis, Cold on the Chest, Pneumonia, Chronic Winter Cough, Tonsilitis, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Ear, Chest and Lung Diseases. The **Shadforth Triplex Catarrh Treatment (No. 331/T)** acts like a charm. Considering its efficacy and how often it will save a man being off work for days and weeks, the cost of this world-famed and reliable remedy is very small. Approved by leading Specialists. Price: 2/6, 4/6, 8/6 and 13/-.

NO MORE DISTURBED NIGHTS

BLADDER & KIDNEY TROUBLES

Liver, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, such as Cystitis, Prostatitis, Stricture, Incontinence, Constipation, Gall Stones, with associated Gout, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Backache, Gravel, Scalding and constant getting up nights are quickly relieved by the bloodless surgery of the **Shadforth "Bladder Comforter" (No. 238).** Immediately, all day and all night, painlessly, secretly, and without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour of employment, they get to work. They cleanse, cool and heal. They move what is harmful. You are restored. Don't worry. Shadforth will give you prompt relief. Price: 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 13/- (300).

BILIOUSNESS

CONSTIPATION, SICK HEADACHE, LIVER TROUBLES.

Periodical bilious attacks, constipation, sick headache, jaundice, gall stones and bowel indigestion indicate a sluggish liver, and for this nothing equals this pill. Take it with each meal and you will soon be better. This is a useful formula to keep in the house for family use. Get it now, and prove its worth. It is known as **Shadforth Prescription (No. 2000).** Prices: 1/3 (100), 3/- (300 pills).

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

REJUVENATE YOUR ARTERIES.

STRENGTHEN YOUR HEART.

Blood Pressure Breakdowns are absolutely unnecessary, and Arterio-Sclerosis is curable. Steady heart action co-ordinated with youthlike elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration, and makes you feel years younger within a few days. **Get it now. (Prescription No. 1166T).** Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 15/6.

'SHADFORTH' BRAND ASPIRIN COMPOUND

THE NATIONAL PAIN-KILLER

All nerve pains, including those of Neuralgia, Colds, Influenza, Headache, Sciatic-Neuritis, etc., are promptly relieved by **"Shadspro" Compound,** the new pain-killer **(No. 283).** This formula is non-purgative and does not upset the stomach. It does far more than ordinary Aspirin can accomplish. It quickly relieves pain and renders movement possible. It reduces inflammation and temperature, and kills bacteria. Prices: 1/3 (25), 2/- (50), 3/6 (100 tablets).

THIS COUPON ENTITLES YOU TO 2/6 BOOK

FREE

with every order and for a limited period only.

Mr. Shadforth's Book of Prescriptions.

Published at 2/6.

Containing 120 pages packed with valuable medical information and hundreds of prescriptions written in plain English. A Book everyone ought to possess.

These medicines may be obtained direct from us, or from any chemist. If purchasing from chemist send receipt for medicines, together with this coupon, and the book will be forwarded post free by return. Book No. A. 209. JOHN BULL, Dec., 1932.

You can obtain these prescriptions privately packed, post free, by return post at the prices named (abroad extra), from

Shadforth PRESCRIPTION SERVICE LTD. (*Qualified Dispensing Chemists*)

(Dept. J.B.109) 49, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4 and Branches.

Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, Army & Navy Stores, Civil Service Stores, Gamages, Harrods, Selfridges, and leading chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order at a few days' notice if required to do so. In case of difficulty you can always obtain by return of post from Shadforth's.

WE SCORE Another Victory

Two Eye-Quacks Sentenced

TWO recent convictions will afford JOHN BULL readers no small measure of satisfaction. We refer to the sentences passed upon John Preston and Horace Frederick Taylor at Northampton Assizes, by Mr. Justice Humphreys.

For some reason this case has escaped notice in the general Press, though it is one which involves issues of great national importance.

Preston and Taylor were bogus opticians, and in this capacity they made a habit of preying upon ignorant people in different parts of the country.

They have done this in various guises, their favourite being to pose as specialists and claim affiliation to some big optical association.

JOHN BULL has never hesitated to denounce them as dangerous impostors who have not the slightest qualifications for treating such a delicate organ as the eye.

Now they have been sent to jail and, in an action brought by the Crown, due tribute has been paid in court to the part played by JOHN BULL in bringing about their downfall.

Lessons to learn

Apart from the satisfaction of knowing that justice has triumphed in this particular case, there are valuable lessons to be learned from it, and the present moment is an appropriate one for bringing these lessons home.

Taylor and Preston were charged with obtaining money by false pretences—the false pretences consisting of posing as opticians in the very way to which we took exception.

In the high-sounding title of the British Direct Supply Company, they obtained letter accommodation at 145, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

Then they proceeded to tour the country as specialists from London, offering advice and treatment to various eye sufferers

In the case we are considering one of their victims was a Mr. Flude, of Desborough. He paid a fee in advance for special glasses, which were promised within five or seven days.

They never arrived, and when the client wrote to the British Direct Supply Co. in London, his letter was returned by the postal authorities marked "Gone away."

This is on all fours with numerous other complaints which have come to our notice.

Preston—or John de la Poer Beresford Preston, to give him his full name—was undoubtedly the leading light in most of these sorry examples of cruel deception. But he adopted a brazen attitude in court and strenuously denied that he had traded under five different names or that he had used three different accommodation addresses.

Our dossier, now before us, proves that he was lying.

When asked by counsel whether he had changed his name so frequently because of exposures in JOHN BULL, he hedged and said that at any rate his real name had always appeared on his notepaper, whatever trading title he may have adopted.

This is true; but he did not add that it invariably appeared in the smallest type on the page!

When first tackled about our exposures he loftily declared that he was "not interested," but admitted later under cross-examination that he had seen our various articles.

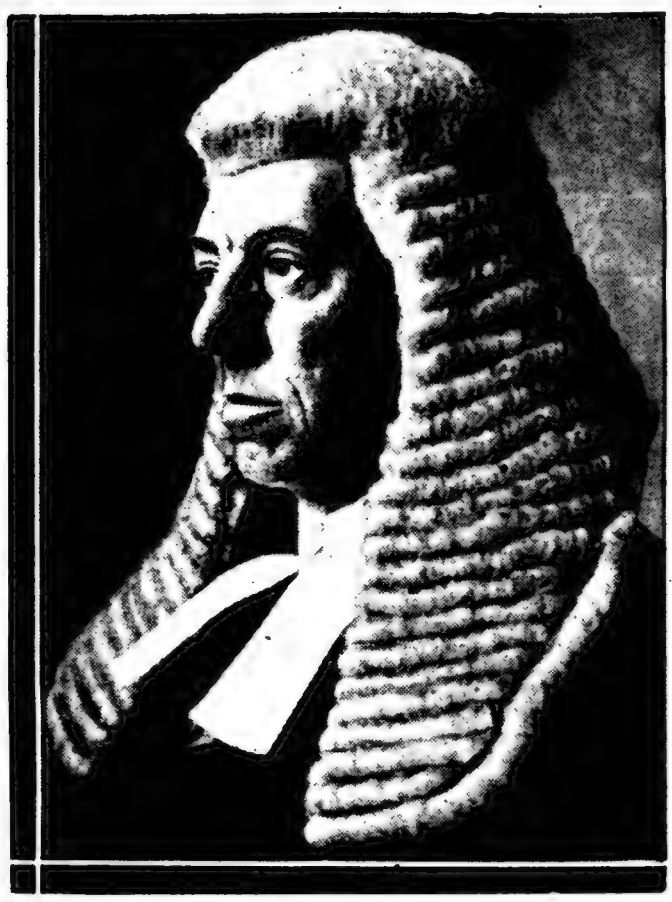
Almost a lie!

On being asked what steps he had taken to refute our accusations, he declared that a solicitor had taken action on his behalf.

But this airy assertion was not good enough for Mr. Justice Humphreys, who shrewdly asked whether any action had ever come on for trial.

"No, my lord," replied Preston, "I could not afford it."

Had he been pressed further he would have been forced to admit that he had uttered a downright lie, as no action of any sort was ever begun!



Mr. Justice Humphreys sent these two dangerous rogues to jail and had some strong words to say about their cruel methods

In his summing-up, Mr. Justice Humphreys remarked upon Preston's "debonair attitude" in court and had some strong words to add about the more harm than good being done where eyesight was tampered with by ignorant people.

He held that there was no more objectionable form of petty crime than that of swindling poor people of money they could ill afford to part with for absolutely nothing. Three victims, he pointed out, had not even had an acknowledgment of their fees!

Preston he characterised as a "very obstinate man and a very conceited man." His lordship admitted that Taylor had played a minor part, but considered the offence one which could not possibly be passed over.

So two dangerous rogues are now in jail, and JOHN BULL'S policy in attacking their cruel frauds has been vindicated.

That, as we say, is gratifying. What is far less satisfactory is that it should be left to a newspaper to call attention to such obviously objectionable forms of trickery repeatedly before anything is done.

Though two persistent eyesight quacks have thus passed out of harm's way for some time to come, others are busily operating all over the country, finding victims daily in much the same way and professing to treat all eye afflictions, though they may have no qualifications.

As the law now stands, there is nothing to stop them. But we hope the lesson afforded by this case of the British Direct Supply Company will be learned and that early in 1933 we shall see legislation that will make such criminally dangerous frauds impossible.

The Trumpeting Trickster

FIRST impressions are supposed to count for a great deal, and a person named Arthur E. Hepburn, of 52, Swinton Street, London, W.C., certainly believes in cultivating his clients' respect from the word "Go."

But we should be very sorry for anyone who accepts him at his own valuation.

When an Irish reader recently wrote to him in response to an advertisement offering employment, Mr. Hepburn replied that the vacancy was now filled.

However, he kindly suggested an alternative post, saying that he was considering the possibility of reopening a branch office in Belfast.

* * *

Waxing very confidential, he explained that a former manager had left him after inheriting some property from an uncle in Australia.

The business, that of transfer agents and partnership, house and estate agents, had formerly done well. If reopened now, it would be controlled by daily letter from London, and the man on the spot would simply be required to interview clients and work generally under Mr. Hepburn's guidance.

By way of security, the Irish representative would be required to deposit £100, but this would be repayable on a month's notice from either side and would carry interest at 6 per cent.

The appointment would carry a salary of £15 a month for the first three months and £21 afterwards. In addition there would be commission from 10 per cent. to 15 per cent. on net profits.

* * *

"The business is easily learned in a week," wrote Mr. Hepburn, "and the office hours would be 9 to 6, less lunch hour."

A junior typist would be provided, he added, and the staff would be increased as required.

Mr. Hepburn was prepared, too, to go to Belfast to interview the applicant if the proposition interested him sufficiently.

All this sounds impressive and businesslike enough, surely, but a printed leaflet enclosed with the initial letter furnishes very frank particulars of Hepburn's credentials.

He is a consulting engineer, a member of the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers. He claims to be associated with many of the world's leading scholars in scientific and political fields; he claims to number Lloyd George and the former President of the United States, Herbert Hoover, among his friends.

He claims a lot of other distinctions besides, for which we cannot spare space.

And the general impression is such that anyone might be excused for accepting him as a person of some standing and importance.

What his circular does not explain is why a person of such eminence and distinction as an engineer should now be dabbling in house and estate agency ventures.

But little things like that would not trouble a man possessed of such energy and versatility as Arthur E. Hepburn.

We have heard of him before, and on two occasions, at least, we have had to issue warnings to the public about schemes sponsored by him.

* * *

Not long ago he was endeavouring to interest investors in a Mexican mining venture, and before that he was very actively engaged in seeking support for a newspaper scheme!

Wise people will leave all his offers alone

QUEER INVENTION SCHEME

JOB-SEEKERS find themselves faced with many queer offers, but a proposition now being made by British Inventors' Exhibitions, of Broadway Arcade, Catford, would take some beating.

This firm advertises for a smart manager to take charge of permanent exhibitions, and, on its own admission, it has been "inundated with applications."

Because its undertaking has grown greater than was anticipated, it says, a decision has been reached that successful candidates must invest not less than £100.

In return they are promised £200 a year, plus commission, travelling expenses and a share of net profits.

Apparently it is hoped to arrange exhibitions of new inventions in such centres as London, Birmingham, Manchester, Bristol, Exeter and Nottingham.

These are to be free to the public, and the organisers intend to rely for their revenue on fees they will charge inventors for the privilege of having their inventions brought to public notice.

It bases its hopes on the fact that a great many people are unable to proceed with ideas and inventions because of the great expense of advertising.

But as it proposes to charge inventors £3 3s. a month for approximately a square yard of floor space its own service can hardly be called cheap.

In any case, the proposition seems too much in the air to justify a demand for £100 cash deposit from employees—especially as British Inventors' Exhibitions is not registered as a business name and shares a one-roomed office with two other unregistered concerns.

THE OLD YEAR—A Record

What 1933 ca... fro... 1...

Once more the aeroplane makes a conquest—a triumph of To-day which holds a dark threat for To-morrow if ever the machine flies to war again . . .

WAS Tennyson speaking the truth when he said that "men may rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things"?

Of course he was, and in that truth is hidden the key to the great treasure-chest of the New Year.

Heaven knows there have been enough "dead selves" in 1932, but what of that? It merely means that there are all the more stepping-stones.

So let us find out what they are and where they are, use them boldly and adventurously, and thus rise to those higher things that are most assuredly in store for us.

A country, like an individual, can learn as much from a failure as from a success. It can, indeed, learn more—and so can men and women—if failure is regarded as a "dead self" and, therefore, as a stepping-stone. Failure is merely the raw material out of which success is fashioned. Blunders are only the experiments which lead to discovery and achievement.

So let us look at 1932 and at a few of the lessons that 1933 can learn from it.

Lying fathoms deep at the bottom of a treacherous sea off Portland is a mass of rusting metal. The tides swirl in and out of great rents and eddy round and about astounding instruments made by the brains of scientists, the hands of marvellous workmen, and the money of a people who want peace. The waters rattle also the bones of sixty gallant men.

Most of you had possibly almost forgotten the *M2*, the "super-submarine," but the tragedy is less than a year old—and the relatives and friends of sixty men remember.

Sixty-six Frenchmen were lost in a submarine less than six months ago. You had quite forgotten that, hadn't you? But there are women and children, and fathers and mothers in France who remember.

The lesson? Let the newly-opened eyes of 1933 look back on the 1932 squabblings at the Disarmament Conference at Geneva; they will find it there.

Nineteen hundred and thirty-two taught us that it is far more dangerous for women to bear children than for men to work in coal-mines.

That may sound almost incredible, but whereas coal exacts the terrible death-toll of 1.12 per thousand, childbirth kills 4.3 mothers out of every thousand. And a Departmental Committee reported that the lives of half the dead mothers whose cases it investigated could have been saved by training, instruction and proper nutrition. Yet the birth-rate is slumping. No wonder. Several lessons there for 1933!

Waterloo Bridge. You have, of course, heard about that before; you have been hearing about it for years.

Pitiable millionaire

Let Baby 1933 toddle along with her nurse and have a look at it. If she has as much sense as we think she has, she will begin to stop the stupid quarrelling that has disgraced the most famous city in the world for years, and will put down her confident young foot in such a way that her successors, 1934-5-6, will put through her decision that London must stop looking silly.

Half the world envied Ivar Kreuger, the Swedish Match King. He built up a vast fortune, became possessed of unbelievable, incalculable wealth. He lent to nations and subsidised States. Then he lost over £100,000,000 and shot himself.

Nobody envies him now. Least of all the millions of people who haven't ten pounds to their name, but who are able to buy a box of matches because they are alive.

The Old Year saw 50,000,000 Christians united when the Wesleyan Methodists, the United Methodists and the Primitive Methodists joined in one Church. At a celebration gathering the Bishop of London said: "Why should not Baptists, Presbyterians, Greeks, Old Catholics and, at last, a Reformed Roman Catholic Church, all join with the molten glory in one Holy Catholic Church throughout the world?"

And why not, indeed! Christians worship one God and acknowledge one Christ. Yet in the name of their dogma they rip and tear each other to pieces.

Let them remember that 1933 dawns only a week after the Great Birthday. "Christians up and smite them!" may be a fine old hymn, but it offers no excuse to those Christians who want to smite each other.

This year the London police spent many weary weeks searching for the fiend who murdered little Vera Page. They failed, but soon afterwards ex-Superintendent O'Neill, one of Scotland Yard's most famous detectives, publicly declared that the police knew the identity of the Blackheath murderer, but could not convict him.

He said the murderer was a man of education now confined in a mental institution, from which he would never be released, and he pleaded for a system under which the police would be able to "check-up" on persons "discharged recovered" from asylums.

Whether this is a method to be adopted or not is for 1933 to decide, but it should set out to stem, by some means or other, the ghastly tide of unsolved murders.

Stupid sentiment

There was a Dartmoor mutiny with all the sensations of troops, machine-guns, fires and fights. The whole penal system was, for a short time, shaken, and hardly had the echoes of it died down when two convicts set up an escape record for "The Moor."

This is not good enough. Hardened criminals must be removed from the society which they endanger, and it is the business of the prisons to keep them removed.

It will be the duty of the 1933 administrators of convict prisons to see that there are no more mutinies (and, of course, no excuses for them) and no more successful attempts to break escape "records."

The year 1932 saw a series of mean and vicious attacks on the education of the children. Great Britain cannot prosper if her citizens of the future are to be compulsorily ignorant.

Let the New Year make an act of restitution to the children, and one that will help preserve the nation for 1933's successors.

Signing the Act of Union whi... brought 50,000,000 Christians in... one brotherhood, and which brin... also hope of the fulfilment of a st... greater ideal—"one Holy Catho... Church throughout the world"

How about the Empire? Nineteen hundred and thirty-two saw Imperial delegates gathering at Ottawa from all corners of the globe. They met with the blessings of a great people ringing in their ears, and they bargained, and huckstered, and chaffered and argued. Eventually a deal was made much along the lines of a man selling a carpet to an unwilling buyer.

Ottawa may yet produce great results, and we pray that it will; but how much was done to cement the Empire, to tighten the ties of blood and kinship, to knit more closely together the members of the greatest

The lesson to be learned from the tragedy of M2 is to be found in the squabblings at the Disarmament Conference . . .

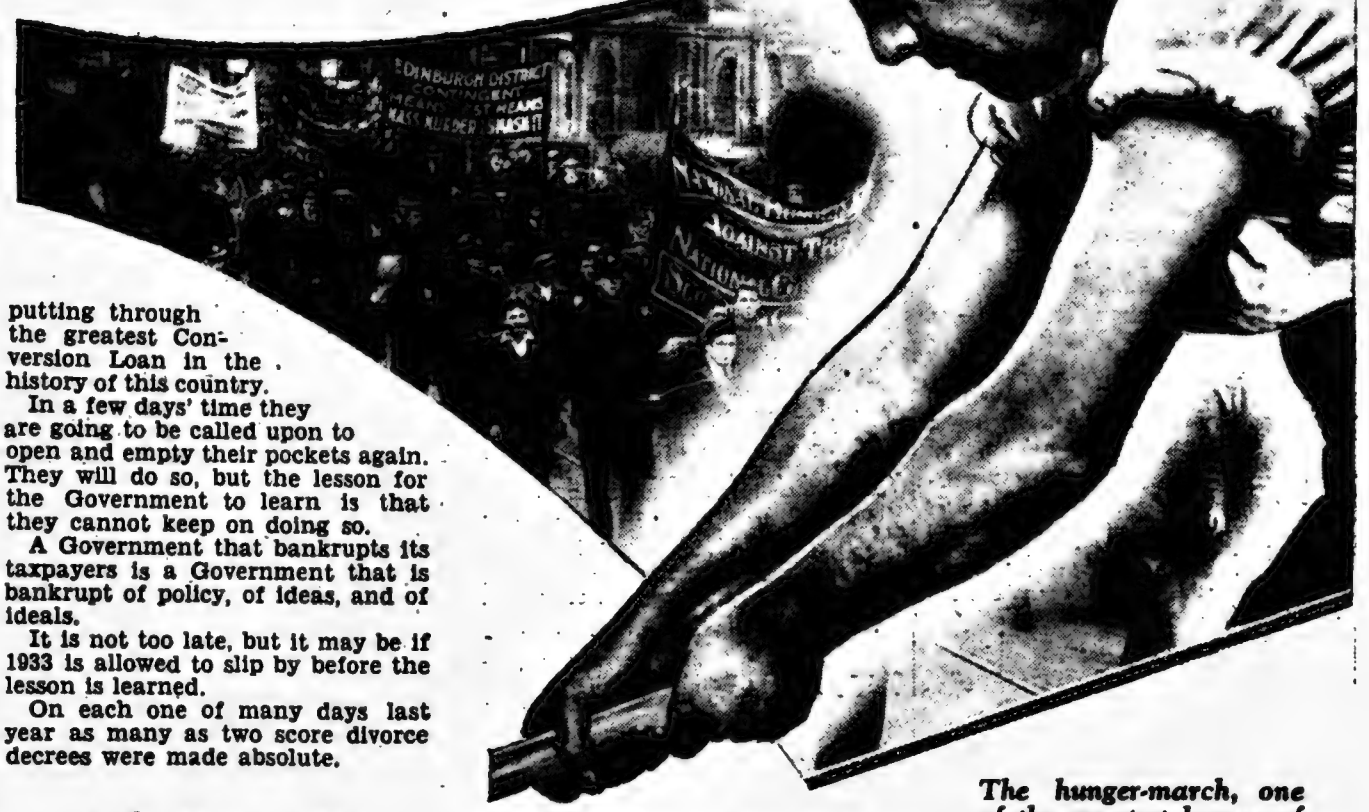
A Record and a Judgment

3 can LEARN from 1932

Union whi
ristians in
which brin
nt of a st
oly Catho
e world"

eteen
Im-
tawa
They
great
and
, and
lly a
lines
o an

great
; but
the
lood
y to-
atest



The hunger-march, one of the greatest lessons of all. And 1933 must find the one reward for that high courage—work

Empire the world has ever seen? How far did we secure and perpetuate the proud guarantee that the sun should never set on that Empire?

There is a lesson for 1933 to learn—how best to preserve the glory of the family tradition of the past on the sure foundation of a great commonwealth rather than on the shifting values and the shifty eyes that typify the market-place.

Edgar Wallace died in the Old Year. He had made fortune after fortune. His name was known the world over. He had a great heart, a multitude of friends, and one enemy—Edgar Wallace. He died "broke."

The young men and women of 1933 can learn many lessons from the Edgar Wallace of 1932.

Twelve months ago a great multitude of buff envelopes descended on the households of Great Britain like a cloud of devouring locusts. They contained demands for a three-quarters' instalment of the income-tax. These demands were met, and in a few weeks there were other great clouds of buff envelopes carrying receipts and putting the seal on a great act of patriotism and sacrifice.

A few months later British men and women astounded the world by putting through the greatest Conversion Loan in the history of this country.

In a few days' time they are going to be called upon to open and empty their pockets again. They will do so, but the lesson for the Government to learn is that they cannot keep on doing so.

A Government that bankrupts its taxpayers is a Government that is bankrupt of policy, of ideas, and of ideals.

It is not too late, but it may be if 1933 is allowed to slip by before the lesson is learned.

On each one of many days last year as many as two score divorce decrees were made absolute.

Life sentences

Yet for probably every case of an adulterous husband or wife there was the parallel of a man or woman tied to a partner incurably insane, to a dipsomaniac, or to a life-sentenced criminal, knowing that only death could sever a knot in which were tied inhuman cruelty and misery.

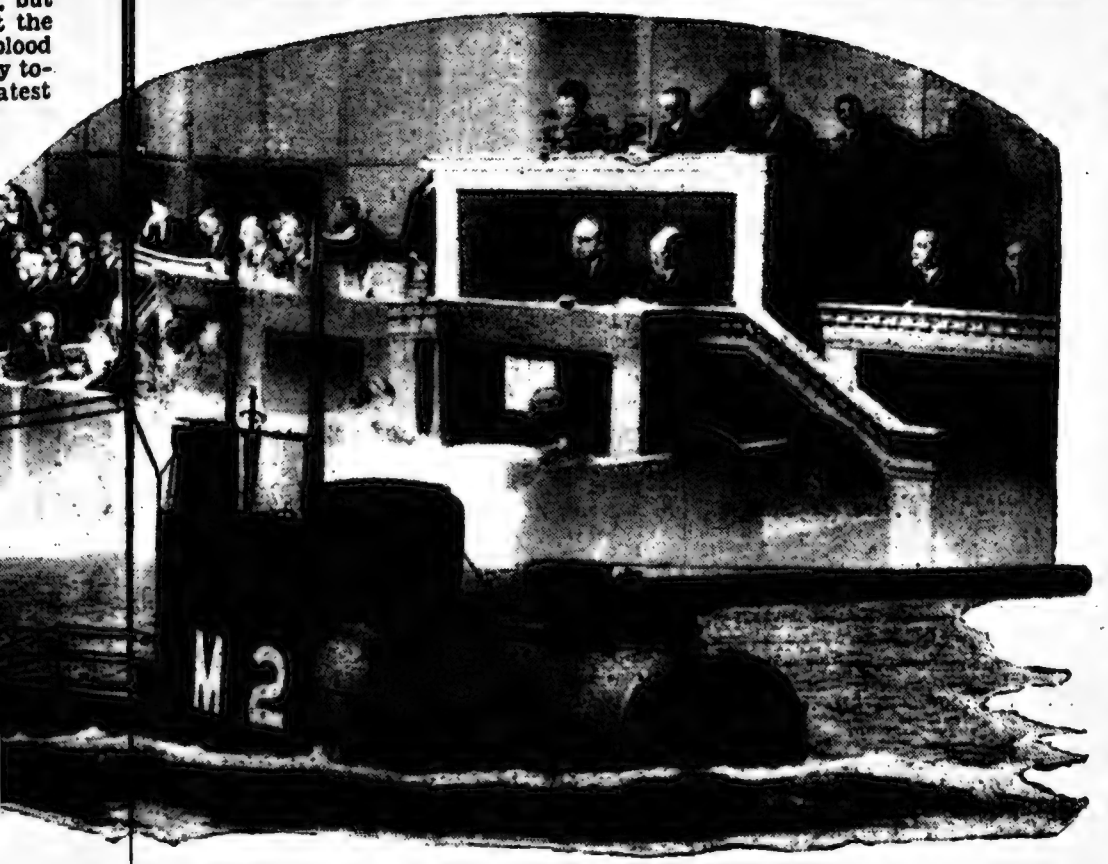
Nineteen hundred and thirty-two failed to remedy these gross and abominable penalties of a hide-bound and merciless system. Parliament was too busy. The Churches were too shocked. Let them learn the lesson now; it is only one of humanity and decency.

England could not have a sweepstake on the Derby, the Grand National or the Cesarewitch. Yet she poured hundreds of thousands of pounds into the banking accounts of Irish hospitals while her own great institutions weakened and worried for lack of funds.

And she winked while "Tote Clubs" sprang up in every suburb and every town like mushrooms, and every busy street corner or secluded alleyway remained the morning haunt of the betting tout.

Nineteen hundred and thirty-three can learn something from that about the dangers of canting and dangerous humbug.

There was more bunk talked about bandits than there were bandits. Hysterical people began to arm themselves with revolvers until they realised that they themselves were far more dangerous than bandits, even supposing there had been any. Then the scare died down, and the revolvers were rather shamefacedly hidden away again.



Drop that gun!

Let 1933 prohibit revolvers. Nobody needs one, so why should anybody have one? If they are intended for anything, they are intended to kill, and if nobody possesses one nobody can be killed by one. Let Chicago and New York corner the world's supplies if they wish to.

Mollison flew the Atlantic in an aeroplane, the first solo east-to-west flight, and Mrs. Mollison flew from London to Cape Town in four days, six hours, fifty-three minutes, doing the return journey in seven days, the previous record being nine and a half days. And 1933 can learn from these flights what may be expected in the next war if something is not done quickly to abolish the aeroplane as a fighting machine.

But who, right throughout the Old Year, taught the greatest and most moving lesson of all?

Why, the men and women without jobs, those who saw their little homes growing poorer, who watched day by day the mute look of puzzled enquiry in their kiddies' eyes, whose own faces got thinner as their hearts grew heavier, who tramped and searched for the work that was denied them.

Heroism's reward

No nation and no time have ever produced such a demonstration of quiet, orderly, trusting patience. Never has despair been so gallantly overcome or hopelessness so nobly fought back.

A hunger-march and a few little squabbles here and there! But what were they compared with the spirit of those who continued to carry their dreadful burden?

It is the high privilege as well as the bounden duty of 1933 to rescue them from their plight, to see that they get the reward of their plucky bearing and their long-suffering. Then will 1933 indeed justify herself.

So let us look forward with a high hope and a great confidence and an unswerving determination.

The year that is just gasping out its last few breaths has had more than its share of follies, of blunders, of failures. But it has had its encouragements and its successes also.

Let us, therefore, start again in the light of the experience of all of them.

There is a great time ahead if we only use those "dead selves" as the stepping-stones to the higher things.

"COUGH VANISHED

with a rub of your ointment"

"Late one foggy night, just about the time my annual Winter cough had started, I was about to leave a friend's house after a card party, when he gave me a jar of your Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment. When I arrived home, I rubbed some of it on my chest. I could feel its tingling warmth doing me good there and then! Within a day or two my cough had completely vanished, and now, at the slightest sign of a cough, I kill it on the spot with a rub of your ointment." S. J., Finchley.

The tingling, penetrating warmth of Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment will bring you blissful peace and freedom from pain. Deep down it reaches to the pain-racked muscles, and draws out the inflammation. Get a jar today.

MUSTEROLE BRAND

MUSTARD OINTMENT

MADE IN ENGLAND

Thos. Christy & Co., 4-12 Old Swan Lane, E.C.4

KIWI

polished shoes defy the weather.

Ah! That reminds me to get another Tin →

John Bull READERS' STORIES 16

"The stricken ship, looking immense in the foggy evening light, rolled on her beam-ends"

I Swim for Life when— WRECKED in

ON May 19, 1922, as senior wireless operator, I was reappointed to the P. and O. liner *Egypt*, making—as it proved to be—her last trip from Tilbury to Bombay. This was the third voyage I had made on her in that capacity.

Shortly after passing the Nore we ran into a dense fog, chill, eerie and sinister—the bane of the seafarer, fraught as it is with an ever-present danger—where ships steam blindly into the enveloping wall and men grow tired with the strain imposed upon their senses.

Hour by hour we crept on our way until late the following day we cleared the Channel, turning our nose to the southward and breathing more freely to be at last in open waters.

Then, at 7 p.m., a few moments before the dinner-gong was due to sound, a small French cargo-boat, the *Seine*, loomed up on our port bow and, before anything could be done to avert the catastrophe, crashed headlong into us.

I was towelling my face when I heard the first muffled blast of the Frenchman's whistle, uncomfortably close, and finishing the operation somewhat hastily, I emerged on to the boat-deck immediately above the point of impact.

AN instinct for safety—probably a legacy from the war days—caused me to turn hurriedly and take a firm grip of the gutter-pipe running down the side of my cabin.

The force of the collision was, however, negligible, and I was surprised to hear the junior third officer, after a rapid survey of the damage, remark in slightly bored tones, "I'm afraid she's holed us!"

That meant work for me, and after passing the word to Curtis, the second operator, I made my way to the wireless room situated beneath the bridge.

It was the third operator's relief, and I found him already sending out the SOS call.

Waiting until he had received some satisfactory reply, I took over. As I did so it occurred to me that we had no lifebelts, and I sent both Curtis and Hardwick away with the injunction to find three and return immediately.

The feel of a lifebelt about one's shoulders gives a certain sense of security—and with these adjusted we settled down to our job.

The *Egypt*, struck in a vital part, was listing slowly an inch at a time; but for me, at least, the pressure of an emergency dulled any sense of danger.

Very shortly the deep growl of Ushant wireless station was booming out our plight to all ships within range, and they were many.

Then the power failed us as the water rose in the engine-room, so we turned our attention to the battery set.

To bring this into action necessitated the opening of the silence-cabin door, and a drop-leaf table barred the way.

ON it stood pads and bottles of ink, to remove which meant the loss of precious moments. I hesitated an instant, then with a full sweep of the arm shot the whole lot to the deck—and the small-boy delight it afforded me to see the ink splashing about the cabin only goes to prove how little we change as we grow older.

Various communications had been established with other vessels, and now, after fifteen minutes, my two colleagues—who had stayed close at hand to render every assistance possible—asked if anything further was required of them.

On being told that they had best look after themselves, they disappeared.

The gradual, almost imperceptible, listing of the ship had been going on the whole time, but a few minutes after exchanging "Cheerios" with Curtis and Hardwick, this movement became alarmingly perceptible.

There was a sickening lurch to port and my feet slid from under me. Just for one appalling instant I thought the *Egypt* was turning turtle, and so she was.

But Providence stayed her for a brief half-minute, giving me time to snatch my cap, fling the ear-phones on the deck, and grope my way clear of the cabin.

Outside was a dreadful burst of frantic energy as those crowding about the boats fought desperately to swing them clear. Noticing this, I decided that the sea would be more merciful.

Curtis and Hardwick were there standing by a rail near the lower bridge and apparently undecided what move to make.

THE boat-deck was by now only a few feet from the water, and swinging myself outboard by the sounding-boom, I called to them to "Come on!"

To my sorrow, they did not do so, and I never saw them alive again.

I swam straight out from the side of the ship, turning my head over my shoulder to estimate my chances of escape, and having gone but a few yards I realised that I had left only in the nick of time.

The stricken ship, looking immense in the foggy evening light, rolled on her beam-ends, crushing a boatful of people who were about to pull away and hurling others into the water with the suddenness of her movement.

For an instant she lay motionless; then very gradually her bows lifted higher and higher like some great monster of the sea, until she stood literally on end.

The noise and commotion which accompanied this double movement were beyond description.

The shriek and groan of rending wood and iron mingled with the pitiful cries of those caught in the awful vortex; a funnel broke loose from the deck and crashed overboard; boats on the starboard side came tumbling down; a mast tore itself from its base, while the boom of bulkheads thundered below the waterline.

Then, with a long continuous roar, she slid away out of sight, leaving a boiling cauldron of soot-blackened water littered with *débris*.

One huge spar rose out of the depths and leapt 20 ft. into the air as though flung up by some giant hand. Then

The Human Machine

The RIGID LAW

WE should all get on much better in our efforts to master Life if we would only get it firmly fixed in our heads that law governs everything—our mental life no less than our physical.

We are well aware that if we cut ourselves we suffer pain; that if we fall heavily we probably break a bone; that if we wilfully expose ourselves to infection we usually contract some disease.

We know these things not as theories, but as facts; and, knowing them, we take a certain amount of trouble to avoid them. In other words, we willingly exercise a certain amount of restraint because, in order to keep our bodies free from pain and discomfort and disorder, we frequently don't do things that we should quite like to do.

We are not so controlled where our mental life is concerned. We don't, somehow, believe that the same laws hold there. But we're wrong if we think that. They do.

The man who "flies off the handle" at the least provocation, the man who procrastinates, the man who refuses to exercise his brain, the man who always tries to dodge problems instead of facing up to them, the man who is content with sloppy methods or even no methods at all—they are all busy breaking or ignoring laws which will, in due course, produce unpleasant results.

Self-restraint and self-control are as vital to mental as to physical life. We are what we make ourselves: and what we make ourselves, and how quickly we produce the result, depends on how willing we are to recognise that obedience to law produces satisfaction and disobedience produces disorder and chaos.

Wireless Operator's Grim Ordeal

the "EGYPT"

came silence—complete, sudden and oppressive.

I had stopped swimming to watch the passing of a gallant ship, but the swiftly-spreading crest of a suction wave brought me to my senses and I kicked out desperately in order to escape it.

Searching about in the fog, I could see no sign of life and nothing that offered immediate prospects of safety, so I continued on in what I supposed to be the direction of the *Seine*.

Soon my early efforts began to tell, and finding myself near some substantial wreckage, I clung to it and reviewed the situation.

At my left shoulder was a lifebuoy with a patent flare burning merrily, adding its incongruous light to the lonely scene.

I was acutely conscious of the cold; and the tantalising warmth of the flare as it beat upon my face seemed to accentuate the chilliness of the water.

After a short space of time, during which I must have drifted with the current that flows south into the Bay of Biscay, I sighted a lifeboat, its cover still lashed down and with several men sitting astride the cover-spars.

HERE, thought I, was the chance I had been waiting for, but all my efforts to reach that boat proved abortive—I simply could not lessen the gap between us.

At last, when hope seemed almost dead, the captain's boat pulled out of the fog behind me and altered course to pick me up She was loaded to capacity, her gunwales but a few inches above the water, and she rolled dangerously in the moderate swell.

Clinging to her life-line, I was towed along until the second boat was reached, into which I and several others were tumbled; then the captain's boat proceeded on her way, leaving us to paddle our own canoe.

Soon it became increasingly evident that our troubles were not yet over. We sprung a leak, and despite all our efforts at baling, the water crept up to our knees and thence to our waists, after which it was useless to attempt to man the oars, so we sat and waited, occasionally shouting to attract attention.

As I was ruminating over the unpleasant prospect of another swim—the boat was awash by now—a search-party directed by our shouts picked us up.

Several of the Lascars greeted the arrival of the bo'sun's boat by making a concerted rush to board her, only to receive cold welcome in the shape of a hefty fist.

Their turn came when the women and most of the passengers had been transferred.

Poor devils, they looked half-dead with cold and fright and the inability to understand the situation, yet none of us at the time was inclined to pity them.

Disaster nearly overtook us as we reached the *Seine*. A line had been thrown, but we drifted astern before it was eventually made fast.

Being a light ship the Frenchman was pitching to the swell, propeller roaring up from the blackness and crashing down again only a foot or two from our gunwale.

In response to our shouts, those on deck laid hold of the line and pulled us clear of the danger. I was still too exhausted to attempt a climb up the Jacob's ladder and was hauled aboard at a rope's end; my lifebelt was cut from my shoulders, while helping hands thrust me in the direction of the engine-room.

As I stood on the top platform looking down at the engines, I saw below me a horde of naked men, drying themselves in the grateful warmth. It seemed almost impossible to find a square foot of vacant space, yet I managed to get out of my sodden clothing, with the aid of a young Cockney steward.

All that night we cruised slowly around, though but few other survivors were picked up, most of whom were in a bad state.

One curious and unexplained incident occurred during the late evening. A ship crept out of the fog, and seeing the *débris* floating about, Morsed for information.

UPON learning of the sinking of the *Egypt*, she appeared to sheer off and continue on her way. No further sign came from her, and to the best of my knowledge her name and nationality have never been disclosed.

At daybreak we entered Brest, and I am sure none of us who saw it will ever forget the calm peacefulness of the scene. It was obvious we were not expected, and it was noon before we were allowed to land.

As we passed through the streets of the town on our way to the hotel, many of us black with soot and grime and several with pieces of sacking lashed about their feet instead of the boots they had had no time to don, the inhabitants stood and stared, ignorant of the tragedy enacted but a few miles from their peaceful little town—a tragedy in which eighty-seven lives were lost in the space of twenty minutes and a brave ship plunged to her last resting-place, taking with her a million pounds of treasure.

We had our first meal for twenty-four hours, and then slept until the evening, awakening to the beauty of a May day, little the worse for our adventure.

NEXT WEEK:

"A NIGHT in a Mormon Temple"—a JOHN BULL reader's graphic account of a personal adventure: how he gained entry to some of the most secret chambers of a Mormon temple; how he was nearly discovered and how he finally escaped to tell this unique tale.

The "Greatest of These" Fund

A Sailor's Tragedy

Cissie

TWO years ago, Cissie's dad was changed suddenly from an able-bodied seaman into a terribly disabled landsman. When his ship was anchored at Beira in 1930, unloading cargo, he and three of his mates fell 27 ft. from the upper deck. Three of the sailors were killed, and Cissie's father was picked up all but dead.

After a month in the Beira hospital, he was sent home, and received £200 compensation, on which he and his family have since lived, as he was totally unfit for work, three of his ribs being crushed and the leader of his right leg drawn up, rendering him a cripple for life.

He was twenty-six years at sea, and served in the Navy during the War. He still suffers much pain, but states that he is now fit for a light job.

He now receives 29s. 3d. a week, on which to keep himself, wife and three children, Cissie, aged ten, and two boys of eight and four years old.

"I don't like being at home all the time," he said. Neither does he like having to drag himself about all day on a cup of tea, which is what he and his wife are sometimes driven to, in order to keep the children fed.

What better way of ending the old year and starting the New Year than by giving a helping hand to this ex-seaman, who is doomed to a life of pain.

Donations earmarked for Cissie, or for the fund generally, should be addressed to the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

We can no longer acknowledge subscriptions in JOHN BULL, but lists of donations are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

"My COUGH VANISHED long BEFORE I FINISHED the BOTTLE"

(Writes A. C. E., of Kingston-on-Thames).

A few doses of Famel Syrup will work wonders where mere palliatives have no real effect. *The secret of its almost miraculous power is that it enables the blood to absorb certain curative agents which previously could only be inhaled.* Its advent revolutionised all previous ideas on the treatment of coughs, catarrh, bronchitis and all lung and throat troubles. Famel Syrup enables your complaint to be attacked from the inside—*through the bloodstream*—and at last Nature can do its curative work in the most effective way possible. This makes Famel Brand Syrup *unique*, and has gained for it the approval of Doctors and Nurses all over the world, and accounts for the hundreds of thousands of almost miraculous cases to its credit. Always keep Famel Syrup handy—it gives positive relief for coughs, colds and all chest complaints. Buy a bottle (3/-) at your chemist's, or send for generous Trial Size.

READ THESE TESTIMONIALS
—typical of Thousands

"I bought a bottle last spring after trying all the usual remedies for a month. I had a cough all winter. My cough began in November; I took your Syrup at the end of March. My cough vanished long before the bottle was finished."—A. C. E. (Kingston-on-Thames).

FAMEL SYRUP for quick relief.
"A sufferer from acute bronchitis, I have found nothing to equal Famel Syrup for quick relief. From now on, I am a confirmed Famelite."—F. W. (Wallasey).

And for Whooping Cough, too!
"Famel Syrup has worked wonders for my two children who have whooping cough, and I shall recommend it every chance I get."—C. H. (Bath).

Two Years' Cough completely banished.
"I found Famel immediately effective in a stubborn case of bronchitis and catarrh. I have since had another bottle, and am now quite free from a cough which I have had for nearly two years."—S. M. R. (Rustington).
"I think it is just wonderful how Famel Syrup relieved and finally stopped a racking cough."—R. H. W. (Kexby).

"Cured Cough in no time."
"I am writing to say what a marvellous cough cure your Famel Syrup is: I would not be without it for anything. It cured my cough in no time."—S. E. (Fulham).
"The sample of Famel Syrup has cured the terrible cough I had. I would recommend it to anyone."—H. R. (Earlsfield).

Cough relieved after Two Doses.
"Thank you for the generous sample of Famel Syrup. My daughter's cough was relieved after two doses."—L. J. (Clapham Common).
"After the first dose I immediately felt the benefit, and feel confident that I have at last found relief if not a cure for chronic Bronchitis from which I have suffered for nearly two years."—A. G. M. (Hounslow).
"Up to the present I have had no faith in patent medicines of any kind. I must now admit that I was wrong. My cough has entirely gone, much to my own surprise!"—I. H. (Leytonstone).

FAMEL
BRAND
SYRUP

Send for Generous Trial Bottle

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY
(enclosing 6d. in Stamps).
To Wilcox Jozeau & Co., Ltd. (Dept. U.6), 15, Gt. St. Andrew Street, London, W.C.2.
I would like to try Famel Syrup. Please send me a large trial bottle. (Only one to each family.) Herewith 6d. in stamps for postage and packing.

NAME .....
(Block letters, please.)

ADDRESS .....

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

PHILIP INMAN'S

Advice on . .

The JOB of Getting the JOB

"Those who are seeking jobs must remember that it is sometimes the little things that count"

"IN reply to your advertisement . . ."

I suppose that is one of the most common phrases in use to-day. Unemployment is so rife that thousands are scanning the newspapers hoping to find tidings of suitable openings.

Here are some instances which have just come under my notice.

"Will you do me a favour?" asks a Grimsby reader. "I lost my employment owing to the industrial depression in March of this year, and though I have excellent qualifications I have not succeeded in obtaining another post.

"I spend my mornings in the public library going through the advertisement columns of the newspapers; my afternoons and evenings in replying to those I think most likely. The latter is laborious work, for I use great care in writing out my application, and always give full details to prove my suitability for the post in question.

"I cannot understand why in so many cases I never even receive a reply. I am sending a copy of my last application, and I wonder if you would mind perusing it and letting me know if, in your opinion, there is anything wrong with it."

Now, this question of the replies sent to advertisements is a very important one. It is no exaggeration to say that it makes or mars many an application. Let me deal with that of my correspondent.

Pity the employer

He says he believes in "giving full details." He certainly does; far too full in my opinion. He evidently thinks that his will be the only application. Otherwise how can he justify writing five closely written pages? No wonder he finds it "laborious work" if he writes several applications of that kind every day.

And yet with all these details, many of them beside the mark and unnecessary, he fails to mention many important facts, notably his age—a very serious omission.

I am anxious to help my correspondent and the many thousands who are in his position. Let me, therefore, set down some helpful rules:

(1) First of all, read the advertisement carefully and make a note of each important point.

(2) Then reply to any questions in the order they are asked. If the advertisement contains a request for details only, the information might be in this order: (a) Age; (b) education; (c) previous experience; (d) qualifications for the advertised position; (e) testimonials.

(3) Be concise. Remember, too, there may be many hundreds of replies. A prospective employer is apt to get wearied by wading through reams of trifling details

(4) Refrain from sending original testimonials, photographs, etc., unless expressly desired.

(5) Post your application personally. If 3d. has to be paid in excess postage owing to the carelessness of a messenger, the advertiser is not likely to be predisposed in your favour.

Lost chances

I share my correspondent's disappointment in not receiving replies to his letters. But it is just as discourteous for an application to be submitted which ignores the terms of the advertisement.

And not only discourteous, but it often destroys any chances of securing the appointment.

And now for a reader who has sent me her photograph. It shows her to be a young and very attractive girl, and she is well dressed in a low-cut evening gown.

Enclosed with the photograph is this note:

"Up to June last I was the governess to a well-known titled family, but they moved abroad, and though I must have replied to dozens of advertisements, I have never been successful.

"I have spent a small fortune on postage and photographs, and I am fast reaching the end of my tether. Is there any advice you can give me as to how I can get a position?"

Yes, there is one thing. This girl tells me that she has "spent a small fortune on photographs." I do not know whether she has sent to prospective employers a similar one to that I received. If so, I am not altogether surprised that she has been unsuccessful.

If she were seeking a job as an artist's model, a mannequin, or an actress, it would be different. Then personal attraction is a decided qualification. But in the case of a governess who is to live in the home and look after young children, a more appropriate attire is indicated.

In my judgment, a nurse loses half her personality when she discards her uniform, and I think this girl should bear this in mind. From what she tells me about herself and her qualifications, I think this may be the only bar to her obtaining an appointment.

Don't deceive them

There is something I want to say, too, to my next correspondent. First of all, let me quote his letter:

"I am to be married early in the New Year, but a difference of opinion has arisen between my fiancée and myself. This is the cause of the trouble. After a period of unemployment I managed to secure work in Sheffield, which is seventeen miles away from my home, but the advertisement stipulated that the post was only eligible for a single man.

"I am anxious to keep to the date of our wedding, and I have told my girl that the firm need not know anything about it, as we could live some little way out of the city.

"Then when I have made good and proved my worth to my new employers, I could break it to them that I wish to get married, in the hope that then they would give their consent.

"My girl says this is all wrong. I agree, but though I point out to her that it is for her good, as she is not very happy living with her people, she does not seem inclined to agree to my proposal."

I agree absolutely with that girl. Supposing he gets married and his new employers should hear of it and dismiss him—what then? He would have a wife dependent upon him. And it is bad enough to be unemployed when single.

For his proposal deliberately violates the terms of the advertisement. Supposing the boot was on the other foot. Supposing that firm offered him £200 a year, and then when he had started work he was told that it really meant £150 a year. What would he say?

If one side can play fast and loose in a matter of this kind, then the other side has a right to adopt the same methods.

There is only one honourable course open to my correspondent. He must approach his new people and tell them of his desire to get married. I cannot believe they will treat him unsympathetically.

Let all my correspondents who are seeking jobs remember that it is sometimes the little things that count. It is perfectly true to say that the one who is careful over trifles is likely to be cautious over bigger things.

JOHN BULL'S "Humanist" here deals with more readers' problems. He can help you; write to him and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

Race with "Silver Ring"

INSURE *against* Grief

I AM giving two tips for Newbury in case there is necessity to "get out" after the Christmas holidays.

The first is Insurance, for the Reading 'Chase, and the other Shell Transport, for the Berkshire Hurdle.

Insurance, the champion hurdler of last season, has taken kindly to the bigger obstacles, and I understand he is expected to turn out another Golden Miller for Miss Paget.

Shell Transport will be recollected as a Jockey Club Cup winner.

While on the name Insurance, I noticed a novel idea in force at a French jumping meeting I visited a short while ago, and I am sure it would prove popular with our N.H. racegoers.

The meeting was at Enghien, and a special Tote building was set aside for backers who wished to insure against their selected horses coming to grief.

In 'chases the fee was one franc for a five-franc stake, and, in hurdle events, half a franc to a similar stake.

After every race the numbers of the "casualties" went up in a frame, and punters received back their stakes, less the "insurance" fee.

Good business resulted, but as tumbles were rare owing to the good going, I reckoned the authorities made a little.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, December 29, to Wednesday, January 4.

O A Q C 93 B 94 M P U X Z R 98 T F S K H J I 95 E D V Y 97 L W N 96 G

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below.

KVSO96KOU would read APOSTASY.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. SWR94Z2 would read ORWELL.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slip."

LANCASHIRE DAILY POST:—"If this warning is not taken and the fumes are allowed to do their deadly work, the driver can easily become faint or grow giddy at the HEEL."

LIVERPOOL DAILY POST:—"Opened in 1917, the TRANSATLANTIC RAILWAY is one of the wonders of the world."

HANNA HERALD:—"MORALITY rate in hospitals cut to 3 per cent. compared with 9 per cent. in 1917."

HULL AND LINCOLNSHIRE TIMES:—"In the house-to-house collection for Dr. Barnardo's Homes, Mr. Paddison, head master of the day school, was the ORGANIST."

BRISTOL EVENING WORLD:—"An anonymous gift of £200 has been made to Earl Haig's British Legion Appeal Fund by a Weston-super-WOMAN."

EVENING DESPATCH:—"Huge fragments of rock fell down from above, but UNFORTUNATELY one large piece, which would doubtless have proved fatal, narrowly missed him."

DARLINGTON AND STOCKTON TIMES:—"Failure to vacate the premises as unsuitable for human CONSUMPTION."

GLOUCESTER COUNTY ADVERTISER:—"Our hearts are touched at the thought of those who, through no THOUGHT of their own, are in dire want."

BIGGLESWADE CHRONICLE:—"The FUNERAL frequently employed upwards of sixty workers."

WEST'S WEEKLY GAZETTE (St. Heliers):—"He suffered always from serious eye trouble and, had he LOVED, would almost certainly have become blind."

BOSTON AND LINCOLNSHIRE STANDARD:—"It is proposed to RUIN a series of monthly debates during the winter months."

FIVE GOOD SPORTS

ANY PAIR FOR

25 PACKET FRONTS ONLY

FULL LENGTH all-wool socks of British manufacture made on the famous old hard-wearing ribbed pattern. Choice of colours: Black, Navy, Army Grey, Heather, all in three sizes, 10, 10½ and 11. Get as many pairs as you want. This offer open until Easter, 1933.
This is the only 5 for 2d. cigarette giving 10 for 6d. gifts. You can choose any gift from the B.D.V Gift Book. Ask your tobacconist for a copy.

£8000
FOR FOOTBALL RESULTS
£400 must be won weekly (11 matches only). Ask your tobacconist for B.D.V 'Sports' entry form. Winners will be announced each week in 'Everybody's Weekly.'

GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD.
PROPRIETORS

B.D.V **SPORTS** CIGARETTES **5 for 2d**

AS GOOD AS THE BEST OF 'EM—GIVES MORE THAN THE REST OF 'EM

Sir William Arbuthnot Lane's GREATEST HOUR

I was 76 before it came

IT is never too late to live our "greatest hour," or to have one still in store. That is the lesson we all can learn from this interview with Sir William Arbuthnot Lane, the eminent surgeon and health authority

IT is not at all difficult for me to choose my greatest hour—which was all the more wonderful because I was seventy-six years old before it came.

That was when my old house surgeon colleagues at Guy's Hospital presented my portrait to the hospital last July.

I have for about fifty-seven years of my life been associated with that institution. I went there first as a medical student, and later became a member of the active medical staff. I am now on the consultant staff, which entails no activity on my part, the post being merely honorary.

While on the active staff I had for thirty years the good fortune to be associated with many house surgeons, for a house surgeon's period of duty lasts only for six months.

It is natural that I should have been thrilled with satisfaction at the honour they did me in having my portrait painted and in presenting it to the hospital, for I realised that no similar recognition had been made to a surgeon on the staff since the beginning of the century.

As I sat there during the presentation ceremony it was inevitable that memories should bring back much that we had done.

I recalled again during that "greatest hour" the old operating theatre, and I remembered the keen interest taken by surgeons from all parts of the world who came in great numbers to Guy's to observe several new procedures which we devised and practised.

Bitter criticism

Some of these were so startling and original as to call forth intense and violent opposition and bitter criticism among my professional brethren. It was many years before they were accepted and came generally into practice.

I remembered vividly, too, our operation for cleft palate, performed successfully on an infant as soon as it was born.

In those days it was customary to wait before performing such an operation until the child was four years old. But by operating earlier the wound in the mouth healed up so much better, and, as the result of restoring the respiratory and other functions performed by the nose, jaws and tongue, the form and health of the child during those first four years were greatly improved.

I remembered also how, for the first time, we operated on simple fracture of bones, using metal plates and screws to secure the broken ends of bone in perfect apposition.

But perhaps the most important work of all that we did at Guy's was in operating for the removal of the large bowel and for such conditions of the digestive tract as could not have been dealt with in any other way. And we did a great deal towards bringing to light the evil results of chronic constipation on the whole structure of the abdomen.

It was from what I had seen on the operating table that I first got the idea that in civilised life we were all eating the wrong kinds of food. Subsequent research has conclusively proved it.

These are a few of the milestones in the wonderful progress that surgery has made in the last fifty years.

Courageous colleagues

I could not help thinking about them during that presentation ceremony and feeling pleased that we at Guy's had been able to help a little in that progress.

But even more gratifying than the satisfaction I got from my excursions into the unexplored regions of surgery was, I thought, the way in which those house surgeons have been able to carry on the good work.

I do not think there is another hospital which has had such a fine lot of house surgeons as we had at Guy's. They were full of courage and enthusiasm and readily grasped the importance of discarding old methods and thinking for themselves. As by good fortune one was associated with them while they were still young men they could be trusted to go on afterwards along the right lines.

Some of them went to far corners of the earth, but they took away from Guy's an enthusiasm which would never let them be content merely to do what had always been done before.

This habit of originality of thought, and of courage to attempt a new thing, provided one had real faith in its possibility and in its effectiveness, had been stirred up in them and remained with them for the rest of their career. These men are now some of the finest surgeons of to-day.

When I was informed of their intention to have my portrait painted by that excellent artist, Mr. Edward Newling, I was naturally very gratified and flattered that they should have contrived to express in such a charming manner their appreciation of the work which we had carried out together and for which we were mutually responsible.

The presentation was made by Mr. C. H. Fagge, the senior house surgeon at Guy's, in the Governors' room. The treasurer accepting it in the name of the Governors said it would be hung in the hall with other portraits of past members of the hospital staff.

Many of my old house surgeons were present and so were a number of nurses who had been so closely associated with us in our work and so helpful.

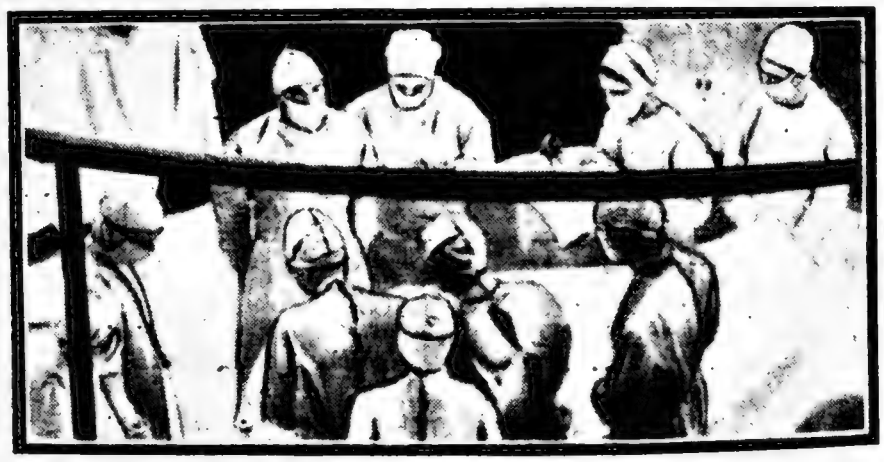
Lifetime in an hour

On behalf of my house surgeons, Mr. Fagge said they were paying me this honour as a tribute to my contribution to surgery. But it gave me far greater pleasure to know that it was also a mark of their affection.

It was a great satisfaction to me to know that I had the good fortune of being associated with so many men of whom a considerable proportion are now famous as surgeons with world-wide reputations.

Yes! The great thrill of all was the pride I felt in all the good work that has since been done by my old house surgeons of Guy's Hospital.

It was indeed a great hour! And to be living it at seventy-six was perhaps more thrilling still. It was like living the whole of the best of one's life in one single hour.



"Some of our procedures were so startling and original as to call forth intense opposition"

GOOD *for* OLD ENGLAND!

THIS has been a great year for British business. In spite of unemployment queues, "economy" budgets, slumped credits and closed markets, we have done more than well. We have done better than anybody else.

Take a few of the so-called staple industries first. Take coal, for instance. Look at the export lists. They are full of gigantic orders secured abroad by English collieries.

At the beginning of the year Newcastle and Cardiff were busy supplying two orders of 160,000 tons each to France. In April two deliveries of 200,000 tons each started to Denmark. Following that was an order for 390,000 tons to Sweden. Then 100,000 tons to Finland. Then *several* orders of 240,000 tons each to Egypt.

These are only a few of the orders obtained this year.

Take the export side of the electrical industry. This year we have beaten all others hands down.

Armstrong Whitworth's recent delivery to South America is a sample of what we can do. Three oil-electric locomotives, the first of their type and the biggest of their kind in the world. Three travelling power stations, each developing 1,800 brake horse-power.

Other top-notch scores in electrical business include the broadcasting station for Portugal and the entire equipment for the giant 60 kw. radio station at Kalundborg. Also an order for thirty-seven electric furnaces for Russia, secured by a Birmingham firm. This is the biggest order of its kind ever given, and the furnaces are destined for Russia's great steel city.

The heavy industries this year have also done well.

Newcastle, Birmingham, Coventry and Rugby share in a £750,000 order for steelworks tools, railway wheels and metals for Russia, secured in June. Also £120,000 worth of railway material for the Chinese Government. Dorman, Long and Co help the total up with a £300,000 steel order for the Khedival Ismail bridge in Egypt.

In the lighter steel trade, business abroad is booming. Cutlery and machine tools are being sold, in some cases right in the heart of our competitors' countries.

The palm for this must be given to Lawrences, of Sheffield, with their recent orders for ten million razor blades each for France and America. *For America, the one-time home of the manufactured razor blade!*

Engineering has also had a full bag. Among the special jobs can be quoted an order secured by Kendall Gent from the Japanese Navy for the largest multiple spindle plane milling machine in the world.

Textiles believed moribund are becoming very much alive.

There are factories in Bradford and East Lancashire which are once again working day and night. Among orders for which our salesmen beat competitors this year is a 3,000,000 square yards woollen piece-goods contract for Denmark; £50,000 worth of textiles for China; £150,000 worth for Poland and Central Europe—a lot of it going to entirely new markets.

Lastly, there are cars and aero engines. Nobody can touch us in the latter field, but our manufacturers are not banking on that fact and waiting for orders to flow in, in the old "take it or leave it" manner of the past.

With orders secured this year they have now practically the entire engine work of the naval and military air services of Belgium, Norway, Sweden and Denmark. About £100,000 worth of orders have been secured in competitor countries like Germany, Holland and France.

Motor-car manufacturers are rubbing their hands over the year's figures. They are up enormously on the export side. For the first eight months British firms sold nearly 9,000 cars abroad. Leaving the Colonies out of it, they have penetrated into countries where previously we had never a chance.

These facts need stating and stressing "amid the encircling gloom" of the world's speechmakers—and some of our own leaders.

With their backs to the wall British manufacturers have started to fight back, and in scores of cases they are punching harder and straighter than did their competitors in their best days. It is the happiest augury for the times when the fight opens up a bit.

WORKERS! WHY be BALD or GREY?

When You See Such PROOF that New Hair Can be Grown and Colour Restored after Years of Baldness or Greyness

TEST FOR YOURSELF FREE OF CHARGE THE RADIO-ACTIVE HAIR TONIC WHICH PRODUCED THE RESULTS SHOWN ON THIS PAGE

SEND NO MONEY — SIMPLY POST THE FORM BELOW

WORKERS know only too well the handicap entailed by Loss of Hair or Greyness.

It is the young-looking man or woman with the fine head of natural-coloured hair who scores every time.

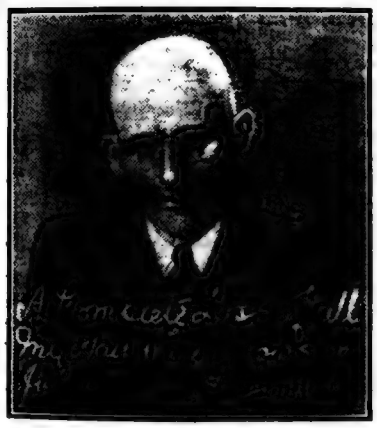
Therefore the news published to-day of yet further remarkable triumphs over Baldness, Greyness, and all kinds of Hair Troubles by Mr. F. Godfrey, with his wonderful Radio-active Hair Tonic, is of the highest importance to all readers of this newspaper.

For this reason, arrangements have been made for every man or woman reader of "John Bull," whose Hair Growth is in any way Failing, Deficient or Greying, to receive Free of Charge a generous Trial Bottle of the Radio-active Hair Tonic which has worked such marvels, in not only the cases illustrated by photographs on this page, but in more than 200,000 other similar instances.

It is obvious that all who have any cause for dissatisfaction regarding the condition of their Hair or Scalp should at once accept such a remarkable offer of Hair Betterment as that made to-day, without cost or obligation to themselves.

All that is necessary is to fill in and post the Form at the foot of this page.

HOW MR. A. E. CRAYFORD, Hardware Merchant's Packer, LOST AND REGAINED ALL HIS HAIR AND EYEBROWS



This unique series of photographs of Mr. A. E. Crayford, of 11, Burgate Lane, Canterbury, cannot fail to interest all who desire Hair improvement.

My hair I had before I lost it.
A. E. Crayford.
1930.

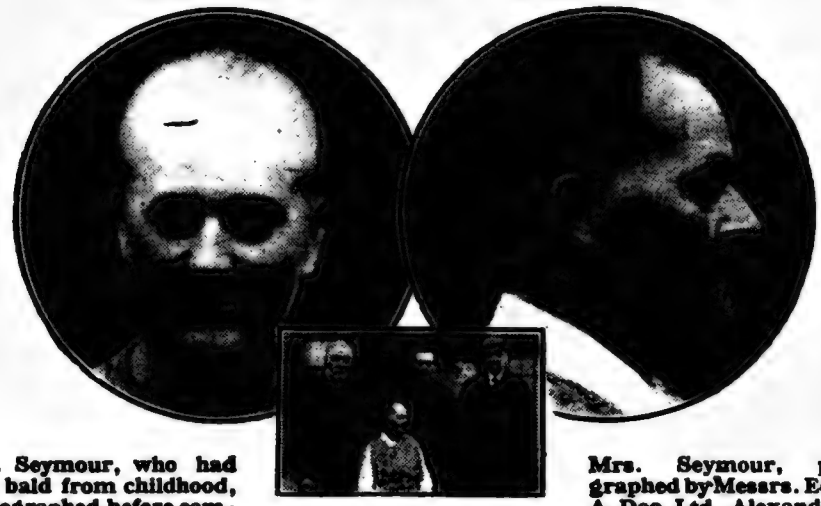
A losing stage of my hair falling out in patches.
A. E. Crayford.
Nov. 1931.

A returning stage after treatment. Hair coming back in patches, as it fell out. *A. E. Crayford.*
Aug. 29-32.

After 4½ months of your Renewa Hair Treatment.
A. E. Crayford.
Sept. 28-32.

The genuineness of these photographs of Mr. A. E. Crayford is emphasised by the fact that all except the one taken on October 29 are enlargements from amateur snapshots entirely untouched so far as head and scalp are concerned.

HOW MRS. SEYMOUR REGAINED HER HAIR AFTER 50 YEARS' BALDNESS



Mrs. Seymour, who had been bald from childhood, photographed before commencing to use Mr. F. Godfrey's Treatment.

(Greatly enlarged from a small snapshot photo.)

Mrs. Seymour with her husband, son and friend, who testify to the wonderful result of Mr. Godfrey's Treatment.

Mrs. Seymour, photographed by Messrs. Edward A. Doo, Ltd., Alexandra St., Southend-on-Sea, on Oct. 12, 1932, after 3 months' Renuhair Treatment. Her hair is still growing fast.

READ THIS LETTER OF GRATEFUL THANKS

115, North Road, Southend-on-Sea.
12th October, 1932.

To Mr. Frederick Godfrey, Whatstandwell, Derbyshire.

I beg to offer you a testimonial as to the great value and efficacy of your treatment with reference to my wife, who up to three months ago had a completely bald head, which she had had from the age of four years, owing to a fright.

Since using your treatment, she has a lovely head of hair which seems to be growing every day. The new hair began to show after two or three weeks' treatment. She is pleased to be able to go out now without a cap, after having had to wear one for about 50 years. Friends who have known her for so many years are so pleased with the results. You are at liberty to use this testimonial as you please, so that others may know of your wonderful treatment, as my wife would like others to try it for themselves and prove its worth.

Yours sincerely,
George W. Seymour.
(On behalf of my wife, Susan Seymour.)

Witnesses: Albert J. Seymour.
Alfred C. Parsons.

NOW READ THIS FURTHER STRIKING PROOF AND ACT FOR YOURSELF TO-DAY

"WAS BALD ALL OVER MY HEAD"

I consulted Mr. Frederick Godfrey, Hair Specialist, of Whatstandwell, Matlock, and by virtue of his advice and treatment my hair has been fully restored. All baldness has now disappeared. Within one week of Mr. Godfrey's Treatment being used I could see signs of new hair appearing. I, therefore, persevered with the Treatment, and I am now able to state that my hair is in perfect condition, due entirely to Mr. Godfrey's Treatment and advice.

(Signed)
ERNEST GREGORY.

HAIR CAME ON BY LEAPS & BOUNDS

Ormskirk.

"I am very pleased to let you know that the bald patch at the back of my head is completely covered. My friends and all that have seen it think your treatment wonderful. I can't realise it yet because it came on by leaps and bounds, and I cannot thank you enough for the way the hair has grown. It is most all new thick hair."

(Signed) M. E. MOSS.

"WAS COMPLETELY BALD AT BACK OF HEAD"

You will see that I am completely cured now and have a lovely head of hair of which I feel very proud, after having been completely bald on the back of my head, and having several patches in front.

(Signed) D. LOMAN.

"I WAS QUITE BALD 6 WEEKS AGO"

My hair is growing lovely; it is black and curly on top, but it is a little grey at the side, but I am quite satisfied, as I was quite bald six weeks ago. The doctors were surprised to see how it had grown. I enclose photographs, and you may use them and this letter as you will. When I have had the final treatment I will send you another snap. Thanking you for a great hair lotion.—I am, sir, yours truly,

Mrs. F. WILLIS.

However Bad Your Case It Is Well Worth While To Post This Form

MORE THAN 200,000 PEOPLE HAVE BENEFITED

WHY NOT YOU?

Mr. FREDERICK GODFREY, the well-known British Hair Specialist, whose discovery of the value of Radio-Activity in relation to Hair Growth is one of the most important Scientific Achievements of recent times.

To Mr. FREDERICK GODFREY
(J.B. Special Offer Dept.),
Whatstandwell, Derbyshire.

Please send me FREE Trial Bottle of Radio-Active Hair Tonic, your Book and Letter of Advice. I enclose two 1½d. stamps (value 3d.) to cover postage and packing.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

Please Print in Block Capitals.

If a Tube of the famous Godfrey Follex Shampoo is also required, please enclose extra 3d. stamps (6d. in all) and make a cross in this square. ☐

John Bull, Dec. 31, 1932.

Baldness
Bald Patches
Greyness
Hair Coming Out
Thin, Weak Hair
Dandruff
Scurf
Greasy Scalp
Dry Irritation
Hair Receding on Forehead

Please place mark against your hair trouble in list above.

The Best Resolution of All

—and 14,000 reasons for it

ALL over the world, wherever the Christian calendar is followed, clocks are ticking their way towards those 12 fateful chimes that mark the death of 1932, the birth of 1933.

Nobody who can read an hour-hand—be he a sailor in a tramp steamer on the China Sea, a scientist in the lonely observatory on the lip of Vesuvius, or *you*—can avoid that hour of Human Stocktaking to which they are marching us.

What will you be thinking? What will the whole country be thinking? Private thoughts, of course—yet how well we know what is in the other person's mind.

Of something done that would have been better left undone. Of something that should have been done, but wasn't. Of personal set-backs that were worse because no preparation was made against them.

JOHN BULL knows of the worries and tribulations of its readers during 1932 because, through its Free Insurance Scheme, it came into such close contact with every kind. And because it may help you to know about them, too, here are some things that happened to our great family during the 12 months just ending.

* * *

Once every three hours of the day and night a JOHN BULL reader's home was attacked by the fire demon—responsible for the destruction of more than £8,000,000 worth of property every year.

"A call for you," said the managing clerk of a big provincial business, pushing the telephone over to his subordinate.

The man who took it from him listened for a second and then turned pale. "Not *my* home, surely," he said. "Good heavens!"

Treasures regained

"My home—burnt out," he told his chief. "Our furniture, our wedding presents—everything we have treasured gone. It's—it's pretty well ruin for us."

But that was several months ago. He forgot, in the first anguish of the shock, that JOHN BULL provides benefit for damage by fire. We enabled him to put everything right again, as we did for nearly 4,000 people who sustained fire damage during 1932.

* * *

Once every seven hours a JOHN BULL home was damaged by storm during the year.

It was in June last, when England was suffering the worst floods for 30 years and JOHN BULL representatives were sent to stricken districts so that we could rush help to readers in 18 different counties, that we came across this case.

A family that had gone to bed when their home was in warm and cosy contrast to the rain lashing down outside were aroused by the barking of their dog. Going down to investigate, they were met by water that lapped half-way up the stairs, a black, slimy flood in which their piano, their furniture, their kitchen utensils and the dead body of a domestic pet were floating.

Heart-ache ended

For days they were prisoners. Even the letter to JOHN BULL that reached us wet and muddy was handed down by pole to—a passing boat!

But their heart-ache ended when they received our cheque for the damage, one of about 1,200 sent out during the year in respect of storm damage.

* * *

On the average during 1932 one JOHN BULL reader every week was a victim of a fatal accident.

The stairs were rather steep and dark, but the Doncaster reader walked down them none the less boldly because of that. Soon he was going to retire from the mine in which he had spent most of his life—but he knew those stairs, and he was not old yet. . . .

Following a terrible crash they picked him up. The first doctor to reach him confirmed their worst fears. The man died just on the eve of drawing that pension that was to have been his reward for a life of hard work, leaving his life's partner to the mercy of the world.

She was just one widow of many to whom JOHN BULL rushed its cheque during the year.

* * *

Once every two or three nights a JOHN BULL registered reader's house is burgled.

"It almost broke my heart," one of the victims wrote us. "Not only had they taken everything of value they could carry, but they had slashed my mattresses about, flung the empty drawers all over the place, and altogether played such havoc that one wanted to weep for the wantonness of mankind."

Joy again

More than once every three days a wireless set covered under the JOHN BULL Free Insurance Scheme was damaged by lightning.

She was a chronic invalid. For more than three years the wireless set in her bedroom, bought at great sacrifice by her father, had been the joy of her life. It was her magic carpet to Arabian Nights' dreams—the only legs that linked her with the outer world.

* * *

Then, on the night of the great storm that terrified her as she lay ill, came the vivid blue flash that silenced her set for ever.

"I don't see how we can afford to replace it," said her father hopelessly. And then the JOHN BULL cheque came—as it does once every two or three days in such cases.

Little limbs . . .

Five times a day a registered reader of JOHN BULL breaks a limb.

He had only just got a job after weeks of unemployment. In the first joy of it, he went into the garden to do the job he had deferred while he had been tramping hopelessly from factory to factory.

A crash—and he lay on the concrete with a broken leg. Five times a day we pay in such tragic cases. This man was one who got our cheque.

* * *

Once every hour or so of the day and night a JOHN BULL reader's child suffered one of the accidents provided for under our scheme.

Of course, they break their limbs in a thousand different ways, with scooters and skipping ropes, swings and handcarts, cricket bats and footballs. But one little boy avoided all those risks. He was taking no chances climbing trees or rollicking in the streets.

Then one day, as he was walking into his class-room with his head held high, he tripped over another boy's foot and broke a leg. For all his care, he had needed the help of JOHN BULL after all.

What parent can be sure that he will never need the help of JOHN BULL in respect of his child?

* * *

Three times a week we pay for sports accidents to our readers.

One man sent us a delightful little letter with his receipt for the cheque he received. He had read JOHN BULL in the trenches. And, after he had been blown up at Ypres, he always managed to keep JOHN BULL by his hospital bed, despite the "scroungers" of his ward.

Falling out of a job, he had only JOHN BULL and his weekly game of football left to comfort him. And then a sudden collision, a fractured limb, and football, too, had let him down.

"Your cheque to hand," he told us. "In the end, you were the only one who didn't leave me flat."

* * *

Amazing figures. But then, JOHN BULL has an amazing family. Just think:

More than three times a month the homes of JOHN BULL readers were damaged by gas explosions—more than seven times a month by boiler, pipe or tank bursts.

The holiday season took toll of six lives of JOHN BULL readers in bathing, boating and drowning accidents.

Nearly three times a day the recipient of one of our sickness cheques told us what a difference the money would make—the week's convalescence at the seaside that would otherwise have been impossible, the added delicacies, the joy on a patient's face when the money arrived. Yes, JOHN BULL has paid rents, and doctor's bills. . . .

And now for the most remarkable of all.

Since you heard the bells ringing in the year 1932 JOHN BULL has paid an insurance cheque every 36 minutes of the night and day, Saturdays and Sundays included.

Well, soon you will be hearing the bells ringing in 1933. Think, as you do so, of those helping hands that reach out from JOHN BULL every 36 minutes, and ask yourself whether you have given your family the necessary protection at no cost to yourself.

Your part

We have told you just eight stories of the 14,000 we could recite to you of JOHN BULL's help received during 1932 when it was most needed—fourteen thousand reasons why you should avail yourself of the help we offer free.

Next week's announcement of "John Bull's" great free insurance plans for 1933 may make all the difference for you, your loved ones and your home during the New Year.

One thing only we can't do for you—that is, sign the form we shall publish. That rests with you.

Night—but the clock does not sleep. And at every tick trouble descends upon someone . . .

'Ware the Spirit Doctors

THE medical profession must prepare to shiver in its shoes. It is going to be faced with competition of a most remarkable kind, and the whole treatment of illness and disease is likely to find itself revolutionised.

At least, this possibility has to be faced if any reliance can be placed upon the claims of a new centre that has just been founded in Surrey.

Here certain ardent spiritualists mean to attempt "cures" with the aid of a Dr. Lascelles, who passed into the great beyond some years ago.

* * *

It is hoped, apparently, that contact will be established with this departed medico through spirit mediums. When this is done he is expected to impart advice and suggest treatment for those cases that are submitted for his consideration.

A lot of sufferers may be attracted by the novelty of a "spirit consultation"; others may be tempted to try it as a forlorn hope.

The idea is not exactly new. It has been tried more than once before to our knowledge.

One notorious instance was when another departed medico—one Dr. Francis Beale—was supposed to dispense treatment through the medium of two elderly spinsters at Exmouth.

We warned the public then, and we warn them now.

The dangers are obvious; but the defunct Dr. Lascelles is safe enough—even if he perpetrates an error of diagnosis. He cannot even be "struck off the register".

ON BEHALF OF CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL

Unprecedented success of Great Bible Distribution makes possible a

GREAT NEW YEAR OFFER

1/- SECURES IMMEDIATE DISPATCH TO YOUR HOME

SUCH an enormous nation-wide response greeted the remarkable Bible distribution recently announced in "John Bull," that in order to give everyone the opportunity to secure this great Edition, arrangements have been made, as a special New Year concession to "John Bull" readers, to secure a further limited reprint of this handsome Edition and to offer it at the same phenomenal price.

Every "John Bull" reader who takes advantage of this special New Year offer before it is too late is invited to secure immediately this beautiful edition of the world's greatest book by an initial payment of 1/- only—the balance of only 4/9 to be forwarded after receipt. See application form at foot of page.

At the special prices shown at which this new limited edition is available, it represents the greatest Bible offer that has ever been made.

These special prices are but a fraction of the usual cost of Bibles of such beauty. Nothing but the most unusual and extensive publishing arrangements—completed in aid of the Charing Cross Hospital Centenary Appeal—enable this great offer to be made.

The illustration shows the Ordinary One Guinea Edition which you are here invited to accept at the remarkable special price shown. Bound in limp black art leather of rich morocco grain, tooled on the back in gold and with overlapping edges and rounded corners, it contains over eleven hundred pages in large and beautiful type, clearly printed on special opaque Bible paper, and comprises in addition to the complete text of the Authorised Version, a 112-page Concordance, a Biblical Atlas Supplement with 16 whole-page maps in full colour, a Biblical Gazetteer, and thirty-two beautiful full-page illustrations in photogravure depicting scenes famous in Biblical history. The page edges are in full gold and a ribbon marker is provided.

BEGIN THE YEAR WITH THE GREATEST BOOK OF ALL

A home without a Bible is like a house without a window.

In the whole literature of mankind there has never been—and there will never be—a work to compare with The Holy Bible for the joy and comfort that it has brought to countless generations, for the courage and strength that is derived from it, for the sublime beauty of its language. Over and above the considerations of creed, the Bible stands out as the highest achievement in the written word. Its unfathomed wells of wisdom, its rich treasuries of knowledge, its perfect and incomparable prose have made it the marvel of all ages and make it to-day the inspiration of millions.

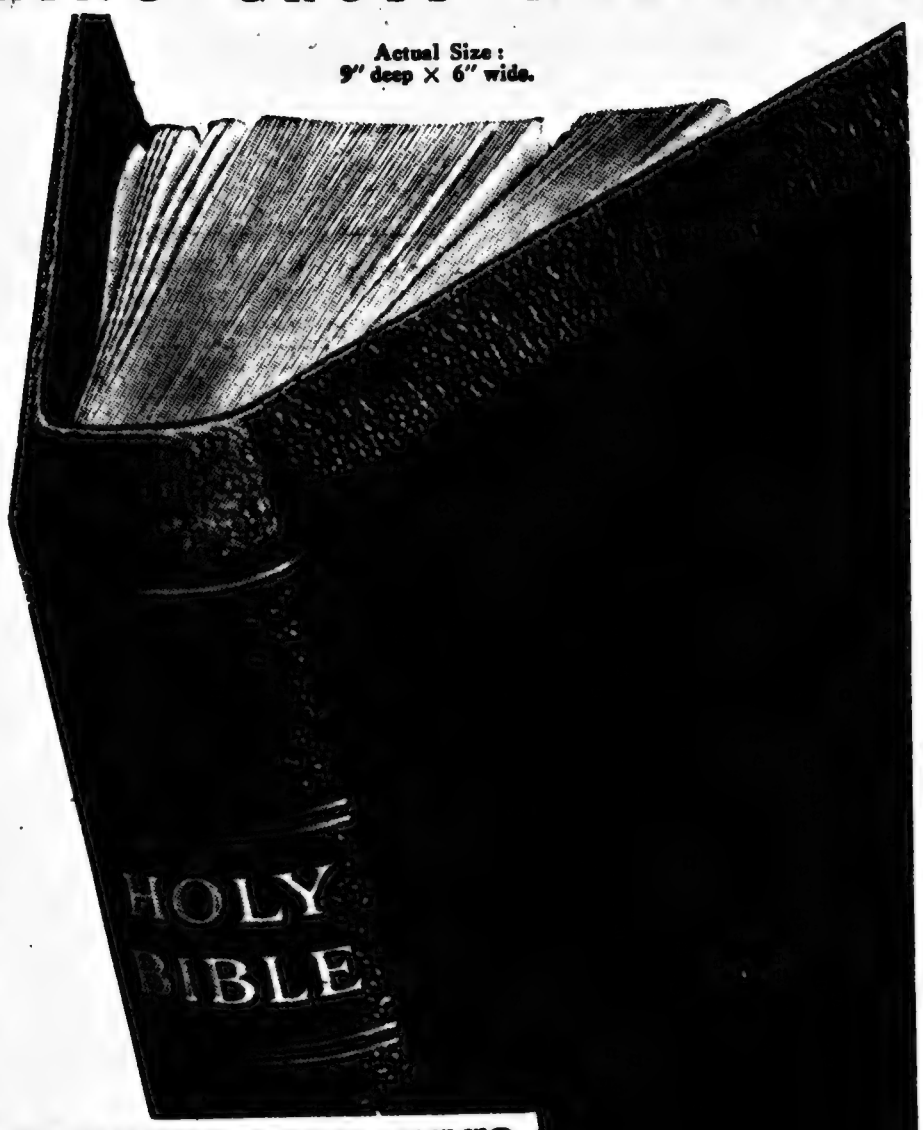
Now, at the beginning of the New Year, what finer book should you secure either for yourself or for one you love? It is the Book that, above all others, is cherished through the passing years. In the upbringing of children, both before and after school days have begun, there is nothing that can take its place. It brings joy and inspiration for a lifetime.

In taking advantage of this remarkable opportunity you are not only helping yourself, but you are helping the magnificent work of Charing Cross Hospital, where, for over a century, the noble work of healing has been carried on. It is to aid the Centenary Appeal of this great hospital that the above unprecedented offer is repeated. Every Bible sold as a result of this announcement benefits the hospital.

ACT WHILE THERE IS TIME!

This great New Year Concession Offer must be seized at once. Applications in response to this announcement must be received by not later than first post, Tuesday, January 10th, on the New Year Application Form below on the right, accompanied by the Special New Year Voucher. Applications will be dealt with in strict rotation.

Hurry to accept this opportunity while there is yet time.



Actual Size:
9" deep × 6" wide.

A NEW YEAR MESSAGE
from
MR. PHILIP INMAN,
House Governor, CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL.

"So splendid has been the response to the remarkable offer of the Holy Bible in the beautiful edition offered on behalf of Charing Cross Hospital that I am delighted that it has been possible to arrange for a further limited reprint at the same truly remarkable prices. The commencement of a New Year is a particularly fitting time, not only to bring within the reach of everyone the greatest of all books in a sumptuous setting, but the opportunity to help the magnificent work of Charing Cross Hospital."

Would you like a De Luxe Edition?

There is also available, while this New Year concession is open, a limited reprint of the superb colour-illustrated and enlarged De Luxe Edition—one of the most magnificent Bibles ever published. It contains, besides the full Authorised Version, the Concordance and the Biblical Atlas and Gazetteer, a copious index of persons and places mentioned in the Bible and a comprehensive Bible Chronology and History of infinite interest. In addition to the thirty-two photogravure plates, it has sixteen fine whole-page reproductions in full colour of famous paintings by Raphael, Leonardo Da Vinci, Sir Joshua Reynolds and others.

This great colour-illustrated De Luxe Edition is luxuriously bound in limp black morocco grain art leather with over-lapping edges and rounded corners and tooled in gold on the back and on the front cover. It has full red edges overlaid with gold, handsome headbands, and a silk marker. For one week only this remarkable opportunity enables you to secure this DE LUXE (27/6) EDITION for only 1/6 (which includes 1/- carriage, packing, insurance, etc.) and a further payment of only 6/3 to be forwarded after receipt.

Actual size 9 in. deep by 6 in. wide.

JOHN BULL
CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL CENTENARY APPEAL
This
Voucher
entitles you to secure the special
£1.1.0
Edition of the Holy Bible for 4/9, or the 27/6 De Luxe Edition for 6/9 (plus 1/- for carriage, packing, postage, etc., in either case). Bibles will be dispatched for first payment of 1/- and 1/6 respectively, balance to be forwarded after receipt.
See Order Form.

CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL CENTENARY APPEAL
NEW YEAR APPLICATION FORM
The Holy Bible.

To Book Dept. J.B. 5, Charing Cross Hospital Centenary Appeal, 5, Castle Street, London, W.C.2.

I wish you to send me.....copy/copies of **The Holy Bible** in the edition indicated under the special arrangement in connection with the above appeal and at the special prices. I enclose remittance as stated below, together with the Voucher which entitles me to accept this special offer.

ORDINARY EDITION.
.....copies of the 21/- Ordinary Edition of The Holy Bible at the special price of 4/9 each, plus 1/- to cover carriage, packing, insurance, etc. (Total 6/9). I send you remittance of 1/- for each volume ordered now and promise to remit the balance of 4/9 for each copy upon the receipt of copy/copies by me.

PLEASE FILL IN DETAILS AND CROSS OUT EDITION NOT REQUIRED.

DE LUXE EDITION.*
.....copies of the 27/6 De Luxe Edition of The Holy Bible at the special price of 6/9 each, plus 1/- to cover carriage, packing, insurance, etc. (Total 7/9). I send you remittance of 1/6 for each volume ordered now and promise to remit the balance of 6/3 for each copy upon receipt of the copy/copies by me.

* "John Bull" strongly recommends the superb colour-illustrated De Luxe Edition.

Date.....Total Remittance enclosed.....

Postal Order No.....Cross your Cheque or P.O. / & Co. / and make payable to Charing Cross Hospital.

Your usual signature here.....
Parent's or Guardian's signature required if applicant is under 21.

Parent's or Guardian's Signature here.....
Please write clearly in block letters. Give your full Postal Address.

YOUR NAME.....
(State Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

ADDRESS .....

TOWN .....COUNTY.....

If you desire, you may enclose your remittance in full payment now with this Application Form.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in JOHN BULL carries with it a "money back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—JB—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in JOHN BULL.

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in JOHN BULL, and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,

Proprietors of JOHN BULL.

Turn to

Shadforth's Free Offer

on page 14 and Start the New Year in Good Health!

A COMPLETE SERVICE — THE BIG TWO — RACING & FOOTBALL

THE SAME GENEROUS TERMS as offered by the "Big Two" for the Flat apply to Racing under

NATIONAL HUNT RULES

Jockeys' Mounts, "Any-to-come," Owners' and Trainers' Selected, Systems —all accepted.

FIRST FAVOURITES

accepted for Singles, Doubles, and Accumulators.

LETTER COMMISSIONS are accepted from 1/- up to any amount in accordance with rules.

STARTING PRICE

If your Commission bears a postal time stamp not later than the set time of the race—any race—you will be on at full Starting Price.

ANTE-POST ODDS

Commissions received at long odds before the day of the race will be on at full market price quoted at time of posting.

FOOTBALL

14 LISTS TO CHOOSE FROM

6 LEAGUE, 5 LEAGUE, 4 LEAGUE.

Nothing Barred, Nothing Starred

DAVID COPE

& ALFRED H. MAURICE, LTD.,

227, BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C.2

My Most Lucky Time

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

IF we are spared until February next year, my wife and I will be celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of our wedding-day, and I am certain that the year I met and fell in love with her was my good-luck year.

We are still all in all to each other, and more so now, as, in the late war, I lost a leg, and so need her more than ever to look after me.

I trust that we will, in spite of all, have many more happy years.—*"Grateful Husband," Sunderland.*

Birth Day

The year I was born, of course. Why? Because it opened to me the greatest thing ever, Life.

From then on Nature was mine—tall trees, sweet grass, beautiful flowers, the sea and everything else Nature so generously gives.

I have the companionship of other people and interesting books, the excitement of different festivities. Work keeps me happy, and I have good health.

Her latest gift is a good husband. Yes, 1907 was my good-luck year.—*"Thankful," Anerley.*

Three Gems

Probably the year beginning next Sunday. I am one of the great army of plodders. My gifts are few, but I possess determination, diligence and grit.

My lucky year, therefore, cannot be far off. Why shouldn't it be 1933?—*E. J. Phillips, Totton.*

Jack Ashore

This year I have had a good berth ashore after twelve years at sea. Every night I now return home to be greeted by my wife's smile, a welcome by two bonny bairns, and a cosy armchair by the fire.

To complete our happy home, there is Pat, the finest old mongrel ever, stretched out on the mat, and I have the wireless.

What better luck could a man have? I would not change with anyone.—*A. P., Kingsdown.*

Accepted Chance

I was a clerk in a firm of specialists catering for a certain industry of a highly technical nature.

In 1928, at the beginning of the year, a request came for the services of one of the experts, all of whom were then engaged in various parts of the country.

My employer suggested that I should go. I went, and so satisfactory was the result that now I am the head of that department. That's luck!—*"I Tried," S. Wales.*

"Wading in the stream on hot summer days . . ."

Happiest Days

IT was my last year at the village school. Then I was "Cock of the Walk"—the ringleader of every merry, mad prank.

What boisterous, fun-filled days those were! And how rich I was in friendship—how good life was!

Wading in the stream on hot summer days; playing thrilling games in the leafy woods; and, when snow covered the hills that winter, blood-tingling toboggan runs and snow fights.

How dull and joyless are adult years compared with these!—J. M., Hants.

Sugar-Coating

The closing year will go down in my life's diary as my good-luck year. I started heavily in debt. Employment agents' commission, money borrowed to buy a business suit, and numerous smaller debts had to be paid back.

Month by month my debts steadily diminished, and at the end of this month I shall be completely "out of the mire."

Yes, 1932 will indeed go down as my good-luck year, because it taught me that good luck is merely the sugar-coating for hard work.—*Michael F. Spring, London.*

Nearly Here

Next year. Why? Because I am to be married at its beginning to "him." He's poor, yet I know I'll just love contriving to make his slender wage pay the bills.

We'll live in a tiny house, with the furniture collected with such care—each piece a "bargain"—yet all our own.

Our circle of friends predict "not enough to get married on," and yet I still call it my good-luck year. And the reason? Well, I will make him happy.—*"Next Year," Woodhouse.*

Lucky Mascot

Twelve years of married life, and nothing but bad luck had crossed our path. Friends deserted us, children were denied us; precarious health and an inadequate pension were our only outlook after the war.

A few years later, a newly born babe was brought to the house, in need of a foster-mother. The little one looked up at my wife and I, and seemed to say "Take me."

We did willingly, and have had nine years of happiness. Our mascot changed our luck, health and disposition.—*F. W. Lawrence, Kent.*

After Long Years

I shall always look back on 1918 as my luckiest year. It crowned ten years of courtship, chiefly writing, during long separations.

Then the anxieties and fears during the four years of war, over three years of that period with no leave at all; then, when hope was getting low, he came home.

Married two days later to the best husband in the world, I thank God for my lucky year that brought him safely back.—*"Mother of Seven," Lewes.*

Released

In 1922 I succeeded in what I had been striving to do for nearly twenty years—to get a job away from the coal-pit.

It is fine to live and work under the blue sky, and even the wind and rain are sweet and fresh to me after all those years of hated toil in the foulness of the pit.

Only those who have had actual experience of conditions underground could understand why I bless the year of my release — and I'm not going back.—*F. Pritchard, Drybrook.*

Grateful

During this year I have enjoyed good health, and have been singularly free from trouble.

I have been in regular employment during the year, the first full year in ten, and should my luck last, as I hope it will, I ask no more.

Why I think myself lucky is because I see so much poverty and unemployment around me, and realise that a certain amount of luck is needed for a man to get a job and have health and strength to keep it.—*Allan Corkish, Isle of Man.*

* * *

I arrived at a firm where forty men were at the gates. The foreman said it was only a day's job, and the men dwindled away. I took it, and to-day I am still working there.—*G. S., Belfast.*

In 1922 I learnt that bad luck is often but a cover for ignorance—the slogan of a sand-bunkered ostrich.—*"Tomboy," Brighton.*

The year I found my life's work, which has continued ever since, and to which I owe a contented mind and a comfortable existence.—*J. H., Salop.*

Next year will be my good-luck year. I'm an optimist.—*E. C., Sunderland.*

After three years of very happy married life, we have now a bonny baby girl, and our happiness is complete.—*"Proud Mummie," Nelson.*

When I come to look back, every year has been a lucky year.—*W. E. E., Barrow.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published; 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, January 3.

The Best Thing in My Life

OUR EXPERT'S FORECASTS

Football Selections for December 31

FIRST DIVISION.

*(1) SHEFFIELD U v. Leicester.
(2) HUDDERSFIELD v. Portsmouth.
(3) Wolverhampton v. Liverpool.
(4) NEWCASTLE v. Bolton.
(5) MANCHESTER C. v. Sunderland.
**(6) ARSENAL v. Birmingham.
**(7) VILLA v Middlesbrough.
(8) BLACKBURN v. Chelsea.
(9) Blackpool v. Wednesday.
(10) Derby v. Leeds.
(11) EVERTON v. W.B. Albion.

SECOND DIVISION.

**(1) STOKE v. Manchester U.
(2) Fulham v. Bradford City.
*(3) BRADFORD v. Preston.
(4) WEST HAM v. Swansea.
(5) BURY v. Port Vale.
(6) Charlton v. HOTSPUR.
(7) Chesterfield v. Burnley.
(8) LINCOLN v. Notts County.
(9) FOREST v. Grimsby.
*(10) PLYMOUTH v. Oldham.
(11) SOUTHAMPTON v. Millwall.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

(1) Watford v. Norwich.
(2) COVENTRY v. Torquay.
**(3) BRENTFORD v. Q.P. Rangers.
(4) BRISTOL C. v. Exeter.
(5) Cardiff v. READING.
(6) ORIENT v. Newport.
(7) Palace v. BRISTOL R.
(8) Gillingham v. Brighton.
(9) NORTHAMPTON v. Luton.
(10) SOUTHEND v. Aldershot
(11) SWINDON v. Boscombe.

NORTHERN SECTION.

(1) HALIFAX v. Accrington.
(2) CARLISLE v. Rochdale.
(3) N. BRIGHTON v. Rotherham.
(4) BARNSLEY v. Wrexham.
(5) HARTLEPOOLS v. Tranmere.
(6) Doncaster v. GATESHEAD.
(7) BARROW v. Southport.
*(8) CHESTER v Mansfield.
(9) Darlington v. STOCKPORT.
**(10) HULL v. Walsall.
(11) York v. Crewe.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) CELTIC v. Hamilton.
**(2) MOTHERWELL v. Aberdeen.
(3) Airdrie v. HEARTS.
(4) PARTICK v. St. Johnstone.
(5) Ayr United v. RANGERS.
*(6) COWDENBEATH v. Morton.
(7) Dundee v. Queen's Park.
(8) E. Stirling v. CLYDE.
(9) ST. MIRREN v. Falkirk.
*(10) 3rd LANARK v. Kilmarnock.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home and *A* for away team.

Example Code.—Div. I.—7 (*H*); Div. II.—1 (*H*); Southern Section—3 (*H*); Northern Section—9 (*A*); Scottish League—2 (*H*) would indicate Aston Villa, Stoke, Brentford, Stockport and Motherwell.

COUGHS

CHEST COUGHS, BRONCHIAL COUGHS and other Chest & Bronchial Troubles

Instantly Relieved and Quickly Banished!

AMAZING TESTIMONY FROM SANATORIUM PATIENTS ALL OVER COUNTRY

Never before, probably, has any cough syrup or bronchial remedy received such amazing praise as* 'PINEATE' brand HONEY SYRUP. *The letters below, all from sanatorium patients, are only four from very many grateful people all over the country.

FIRST LONG SLEEP FOR SIX MONTHS.

"I was a patient for 18 months in a Sanatorium. I used to cough all day and through the nights too, hardly getting any sleep. I am delighted with 'Pineate' Honey Syrup because the first dose relieved my cough immensely. When I prepared to lay down for the night, I took another half teaspoonful, and in about an hour's time I was fast asleep, and I did not wake until 6 a.m. next morning. **That was the first sleep of any length I'd had for six months.**"

(Signed) Mr. A. S. C., Yorks.

ALL OTHER TREATMENT FAILED.

"I was a patient at ——— Sanatorium and suffered considerably with a hacking cough—particularly at night. Linctus and other medicine failed to do any good. I heard of 'Pineate' and I had a bottle sent to me. It soon eased the cough—sufficiently to allow of several hours' sleep—after a teaspoonful being taken. I certainly had very poor sleep until I took 'Pineate' Honey Syrup.

Of course you realise the taking of medicine other than prescribed by the Sanatorium Doctor was prohibited, **but could you blame me?**"

(Signed) R. P., Polegate, Sussex.

SIX YEARS' SANATORIUM TREATMENT.

"Having suffered with Chest Trouble for many years and also spent practically three months in twelve at ——— and ——— Sanatoria in the past six years, I thought it only right to let you know that having had various cough cures in the above establishments, **none** could compare with the immediate relief I get from your 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup. Upon getting into bed, one dose enables me to sleep for several hours, whereas I used to seldom sleep for more than half-an-hour at a time. If I wake, a small dose keeps me from coughing for the rest of the night."

(Signed) C. K., London.

WORST COUGH IN SANATORIUM.

"My wife had for years been trying to get something to do me good. For over three years my cough had been terrible. Mine was the worst cough in the ——— Sanatorium nineteen months ago. My wife got me a bottle of 'Pineate' Honey Syrup to try, and the relief I got in sleep was wonderful. The Catarrh and that terrible irritation and inflammation of the throat which keep one coughing day and night, started to disappear."

(Signed) G. H. W., Harwich, Essex.

When breathing is "shallow" and laboured and you are racked day and night by a cough which is wearing down your strength—just try a dose of 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup. In it are combined the soothing, healing and germ-killing properties of squills, tolu, honey and pine. Thus it clears the bronchial tubes, stops the cough and frees the breathing before other remedies have begun to act. Get a 1/6 bottle of 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup from your chemist to-day; YOU WILL FEEL THE VERY FIRST DOSE DOING YOU GOOD!

If you get Pain after Eating

Indigestion.

"I must write to let you know the relief I have received from your 'Bisurated' Magnesia tablets. I have suffered from indigestion for years, and at times have had to stay away from work. I can say I feel completely cured. I always carry a bottle with me although I seldom require them. I have given them to my workmates who have been surprised and have thanked me for introducing them."

(Signed) Mr. W. Sawyers, Eltham, London, S.E.9.

Gastritis.

"I feel in duty bound to write of 'Bisurated' Magnesia. My wife who suffered for a considerable time with gastritis is now completely cured. We are never without a bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia in the house."

(Signed) W. J. Fudge, Brynmawr, Brecon.

IF you are almost afraid to eat because digestive pain, flatulence and distress follow every meal, it is most probably due to excess acid in the stomach. Doctors say this is the cause of nine out of every ten cases of indigestion. Excess acid ferments the food, attacks the stomach lining and creates gases which cause pain and feelings of "fulness." These discomforts can be quickly banished and you can enjoy your meals without fear of distress if you take a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia after eating or when pain is felt. This neutralises the excess acid instantly, and thus gives quick relief by removing the cause of the trouble. 'Bisurated' Magnesia also soothes and heals the stomach lining, and there is no better remedy for ending digestive disorder.

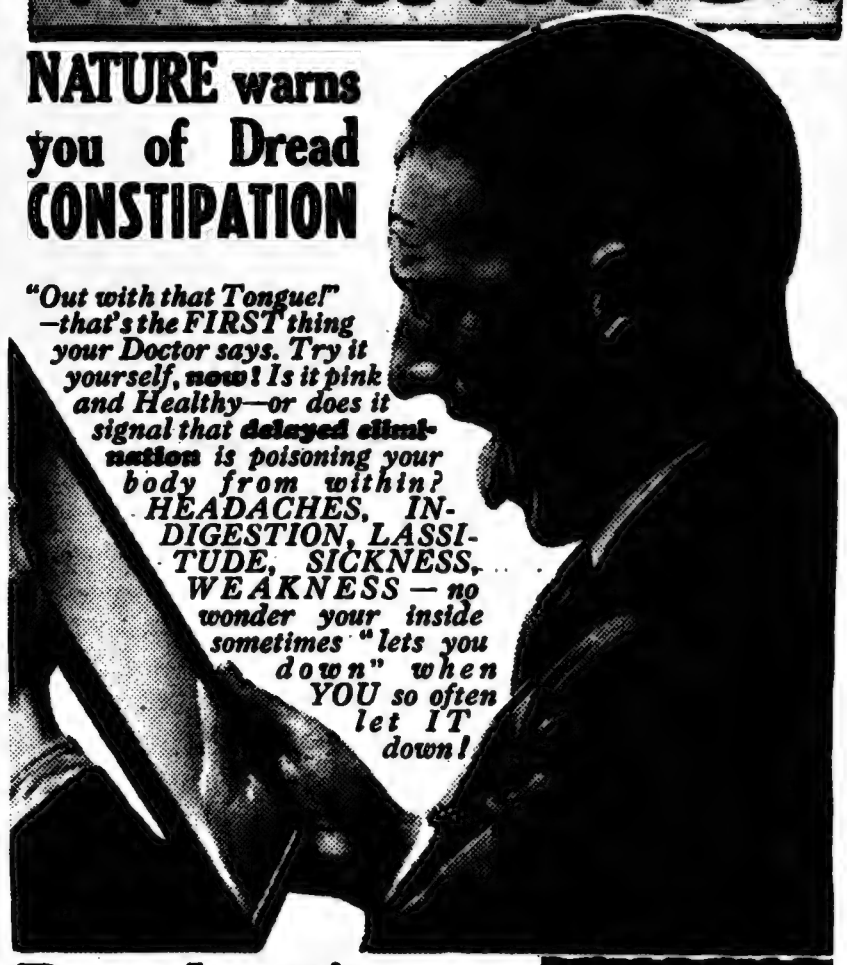
'BISURATED' MAGNESIA

Prescribed for INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, ACIDITY, HEARTBURN, GASTRITIS, FLATULENCE.

POWDER—Plain or Mint Flavour. 1/3 TABLETS—In handy Pocket Flasks

BEWARE! of this first WARNING!

NATURE warns you of Dread CONSTIPATION



*"Out with that Tongue!" —that's the FIRST thing your Doctor says. Try it yourself, **now!** Is it pink and Healthy—or does it signal that **delayed elimination** is poisoning your body from within? HEADACHES, INDIGESTION, LASSITUDE, SICKNESS, WEAKNESS — no wonder your inside sometimes "lets you down" when YOU so often let IT down!*

Beecham's warn you against using TOO-HARSH Medicines!

Beecham's Pills are not only the SAFEST laxative you can use—entirely **vegetable**, and perfectly **harmless**—they also CURE dread Constipation. For Beecham's don't merely swill **Digested** and **un-Digested** food alike through the System . . . doing as much harm as good. They gently remove **all** the lingering poisons from the whole of the digestive tract . . . and they tone, stimulate and Revitalise **Stomach, Liver** and **Bowels**, so that your Whole System is soon working Naturally again. After that an occasional dose of Beecham's is all you need to keep yourself always up to scratch. Buy **your** Beecham's Pills to-day!

The SAFE Laxative

Start taking BEECHAM'S to-night, for CONSTIPATION "LIVER" HEADACHES INDIGESTION WEAKNESS WAN CHEEKS SICKNESS, &c.

Beecham's PILLS

Sold everywhere

Worth A Guinea A Box

UNIQUE £2 SOUVENIR PRIZES ADDED TO ALL X-WORD CHEQUES!

NEW YEAR X-WORD SURPRISE!

£100 BETWEEN ALL RUNNERS-UP

£100 EXTRA BONUS BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP WHO HAVE SENT TWO 6D ENTRIES IN THE SAME ENVELOPE

LUXURIOUS GOLD-FILLED **WRITING SET**

BEAUTIFULLY ORNAMENTED FOUNTAIN PEN ENGRAVED WITH YOUR INITIALS AND EVERLASTING PENCIL TO MATCH IN ELEGANT VELVET-LINED CASE, A PRIZE YOU WILL TREASURE FOR YEARS

VALUE £2

30/- A WEEK FOR LIFE and £300 CASH

OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £800

WIN AN INCOME FOR LIFE THIS EVENING

Big new Souvenir Awards for every winner this week give you an extra incentive to start the New Year well by winning a "John Bull" Crossword cheque!

The First Prize is the fine sum of £300 and Life Pension of 30s. a week; as much as £200 cash will be divided among Runners-up as announced; in addition, every cash prize-winner this week will receive a magnificent £2 Gold-filled Fountain Pen and Pencil, exquisitely chased and engraved with the winner's initials.

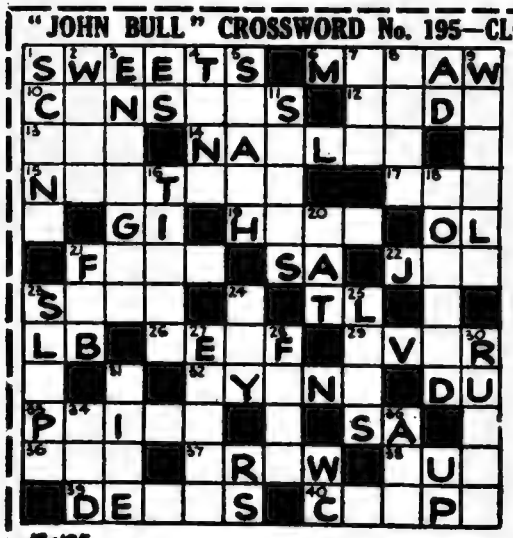
Within the last few weeks, three competitors have qualified for a Cross-word Pension by winning the First Prize outright. Study carefully the entertaining clues below; provided your entry is in by noon, Thursday, January 5th, you may be the first Cross-word Pensioner of 1933!

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of 30/- a week and £300 cash (or a lump sum of £800 cash) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Additional 2-in-1 award value £2 for every winner consisting of a gold filled fountain pen and pencil in case. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, January 12th, 1933, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, January 19th, 1933.

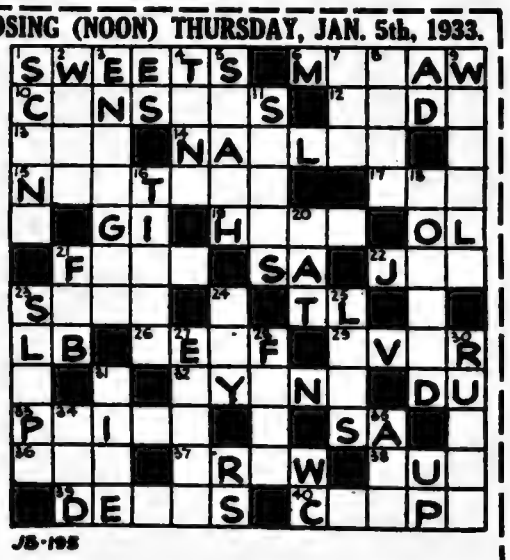
ENTRY FEE

With 2 squares send Postal Order for 6d. With 4 squares send P.O. for one shilling. See Rule 1.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 195—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JAN. 5th, 1933.



JB·195



JB·195

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and

enclose P.O. value.....No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 195—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JAN. 5th, 1933.

JB·195

JB·195

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and

enclose P.O. value.....No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CLUES ACROSS

1. Kiddies love eating these.
6. Beautiful, parrot-like bird.
10. They help to maintain British credit.
12. Nickname for magistrate.
13. Make a mistake.
14. Fastened with a nail.
15. Tidiest.
17. Sits up for him.
19. Followed by man-in-the-street.
21. Fate's blows may be this.
22. Happiness.
23. Team.
26. Hard of hearing.
29. Always.
32. Telling fibs.
33. Butcher often puts on joint.
36. Comes before a knight's name.
37. Ship's company.
38. Indicates bill requires payment.
39. Are sometimes difficult to straighten out.
40. We get fat and lean ones.

CLUES DOWN

1. Stage detective is soon on this.
2. Past tense of wear.
3. Made angry.
4. We like a good one from a gramophone.
5. Long cut with a knife.
7. Name for expert airman.
8. Ungentlemanly fellows.
9. Way charity should be bestowed.
11. Builders seek them for new houses.
16. Covered with tiles.
18. Safely secured.
20. It leaves a sinking ship.
21. Tell a lie.
23. Given when child's bad.
24. Sun helps us by providing this.
25. We walk with these.
27. Choose by ballot.
28. May result from neglected chimney.
30. Needed when playing games.
31. Provides heating element.
34. Delivered of.
35. Fuss.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

WINNERS IN X-WORD No. 193.

Owing to Christmas Holidays, it has not been possible to complete our searches in time for publication in this issue. All winners are being notified this week and result will be published in next week's "John Bull."

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

ADDRESS ENTRY

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 195, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. /; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, January 5th, 1933.

2.—No competitor may submit more than two Double Entry Forms—(four squares.) Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, January 19th, 1933. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, January 31st, 1933, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared, £800 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

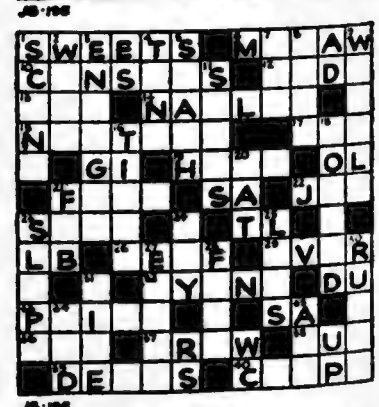
7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

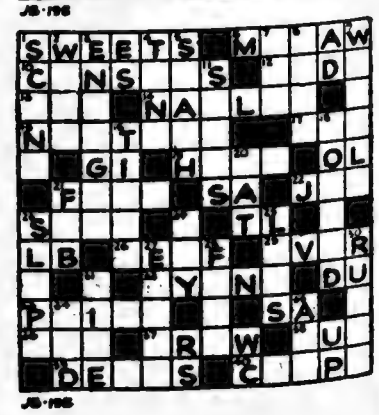
These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.

JB·195

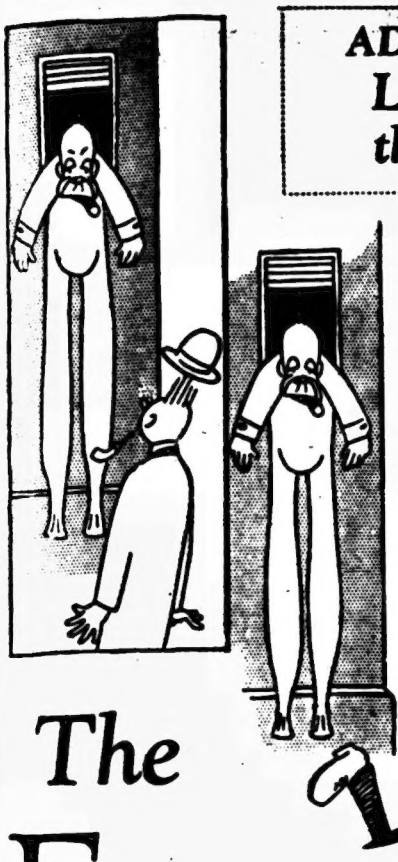
JB·195



JB·195



JB·195



The EDITOR LAUGHS Last

ADAMSON: *Legs and the Man*

L. D. (Plymouth).—"I've tried everything." Including our patience!

S. P. (Preston).—"A fight between several men occurred in a London theatre recently." But they all got their hats and coats eventually.

TOMMY (Hull).—"What does Santa Claus do in the summer?" He collects the instalments on the Christmas presents.

SHOWMAN (London, E.).—"Years of experience are needed when putting up a circus tent." You have to know the ropes, of course.

C. M. (Paisley).—"One of America's best tennis players is a Chicago gangster." We hear that he has made quite a hit in racketeering circles.

M. D. (London, N.).—"My wife has taken up wrestling, ju-jitsu and boxing." She should soon be a very successful bargain-hunter at the sales.

M. N. (Acton).—"I have told him that I am always willing to share his lot." Having discovered without doubt that it is a lot.

G. H. W. (Watford).—"Some people would like to see the old Christmas custom of putting sixpences and thimbles in the pudding abolished." Dentists wouldn't.

D. L. S. (London, N.W.).—"Several London hotels have doctors constantly on the premises." They are there, of course, to attend to residents who have just been told what their bill comes to.

SENTIMENTAL (Andover).—"Many a man has a lump in his throat at this time of the year." But he seldom plucks up sufficient courage to tell his wife what a terrible pudding it is.

T. J. (Luton).—"The craze for new fashions is a positive disease with some women." Yes, and now they're coming out in spots!

MRS. G. (Cheltenham).—"What is the most useful thing to remember when buying a turkey?" That the good die young.

A. K. (Lewes).—"I do not like a book with a sad ending." We don't enjoy the way our bank-book finishes up the year, either.

S. J. (Poppleton).—"Some folk don't know how well off they are." Don't worry. They'll be told by the income-tax authorities on January .

G. N. (Paddington).—"When my husband slams the front door the whole house shakes." Is he a railway porter?

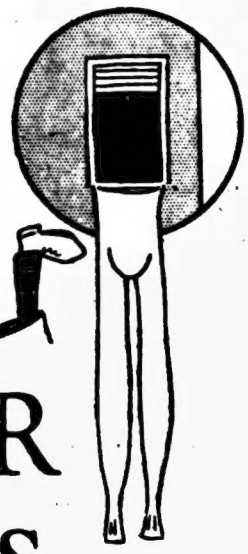
M. W. (Farnworth).—"B.B.C. announcers should undergo a very severe test." Such as listening-in?

Miss V. (Chelsea).—"What will assure an actress of a future?" A past.

D. M. (York).—"What would Santa Claus look like without his beard?" Father.

F. M. (Baldock).—"What did you wish for when you ate the mincepie I sent you?" Bismuth.

G. W. (Bungay).—"I wouldn't go a mile to see a Test Match." You wouldn't see one if you did.



E. A. (Chichester).—"What are the prospects of an artist's model?" Usually it is a bare living.

V. C. (Kensington).—"Girls do not cry as much as formerly." No, it is too much trouble putting on the make-up again.

J. W. (Bristol).—"I regard the world as a bubble." Then try falling out of an aeroplane.

R. A. (Folkestone).—"A pedestrian should have the right of way." He has, in an ambulance.

D. B. (Hull).—"I saw a laughing hyena in a circus last week, but it didn't laugh." Perhaps it had seen you before.

F. N. (Bristol).—"I have took up Spannish to help improve my position." Having given up English as hopeless?

F. G. (Derby).—"All the world loves a lover." Except when they're trying to drive past him.

T. M. (Hull).—"Brewers are threatening to make no more beer." Why should they, when they can get a good price for the stuff they make now?

F. F. (Horsford).—"Prize turkeys are generally very tough to eat." The bird we bought must have carried off every trophy there is.

PHYSICIAN (Chelsea).—"The man with a bad cough should go straight to bed and stay there." Instead of sitting behind us in the theatre.

E. W. (Cardiff).—"In the House of Commons an M.P. can say exactly what he thinks." No wonder many of them keep silent.

F. M. (Exeter).—"I told the motor bandit that his threats meant nothing to me." Did he threaten to blow your brains out?

E. M. (Bodmin).—"What would you do if I stopped writing to you altogether?" Get a smaller w.p.b.

Doctor (Manchester).—"I know a man with the complexion of a peach." One of those handbag-snatchers, we suppose.

G. K. (Frome).—"What has jazz done for music?" Done for music.

MOTORIST (Braintree).—"He who hesitates . . ." Loses the parking-place!

G. K. (Highgate).—"I worked for my living once." Only once?

R. A. (New York).—"I've just received a copy of your journal and I guess it's O.K." Most people are certain it is.

R. T. (Andover).—"It's a wise child that knows its own father." Dressed up as Santa Claus.

CHILLY (Dover).—"Can you say anything in favour of our winter months?" Oh, yes! they're not so dusty.

J. S. (Edinburgh).—"I am a brilliant letter-writer." You keep the secret remarkably well.

F. A. C. (Chalfont St. Peter).—"Every picture tells a story." Lots of talking-pictures seem to tell the same story.

BEAUTY PRIZE (Caterham).—"My photograph has been added to a famous collection." At Scotland Yard?

P. J. C. (Crouch End).—"Woman's intuition is wonderful." Then, why does she ask so many questions?

M. H. (Ipswich).—"There is nothing more difficult than writing poetry." Have you tried selling it?

R. M. (Bury).—"I have had an offer to sing in America." From your neighbours?

T. M. (Bath).—"I have decided not to make any New Year resolutions." But isn't that one?

K. C. (Halifax).—"My wife threw a snowball at me and hit me full in the face." At whom did she aim?

DOCTOR (Aberdeen).—"Most Englishmen can endure extremes of climate." They have to.

Miss T. (London, W.).—"I bought a silk evening frock for a ridiculous figure." Your own?

E. H. (London, E.).—"The eggs the grocer sends me are generally bad." Take one round and break it gently to him.

P. H. (Colindale).—"What must I do to be the life and soul of the party?" Talk louder than the wireless.

H. T. (Fulham).—"It is the diet one has that controls one's looks." Your photograph suggests that you have plenty of plain food.

C. M. (Staveley).—"How can I possibly cure myself of insomnia?" Retain copies of your letters to us and read them at night.

H. C. (London, W.).—"Any healthy Englishman likes being out as soon as he can on a fine day." Unless he is one of our Test Team in Australia.

M. O. (Ripon).—"It's my belief that we won the war on rum." We have certainly enjoyed a rum time ever since it ended.

A. Y. (Manchester).—"Is there any film hero whom you admire more than all the others?" Yes, the man who takes his wife and a large family to the pictures twice a week.

J. T. (Cardiff).—"All I've got to look forward to in 1933 is 12 months' hard labour." Not if a sentence of yours on a *Bullets* coupon from page 31 takes this week's 12-in-one prize. We're going to pay a big cheque every month of 1933 to somebody.

O. M. (Swaffham).—"A Berlin man received a summons because his wife loitered too long outside a hatshop." He was lucky—he might have received a bill for a new hat.

L. W. (New Barnet).—"You don't often see a woman sewing tiny clothes these days." And when you do she's probably making an evening frock for grandma.

D. M. (Walton).—"Although I have been out carol-singing for the last two weeks, I have nothing to show for it yet." They must be rotten shots in your neighbourhood?

S. A. (Pontefract).—"Sandwiches cut by a member of Royalty and auctioned at a recent fête fetched over 5s. apiece." This is the sort of news that makes night-club proprietors green with envy.

C. M. (Chorley).—"He hired two jazz bands for his daughter's birthday party." Evidently he could stand the racket.

A. S. (Atherstone).—"I laughed so much at one after-dinner joke about the turkey that I nearly choked." So they were encouraged to tell another?

F. W. (Stoke Newington).—"There are thousands of people in London who bear the name of Simpkins." And there are probably thousands of others who simply can't bear the name of Simpkins.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

IF you are troubled by any matter you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. JOHN BULL does the rest. Write to-day! The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

Stop that cold with

VAPEX

(REG. TRADE MARK)

INHALANT

Here is the way to treat a cold

Put a drop of Vapex on your handkerchief and inhale it often during the day. Put a drop on your pillow and fight a cold while you sleep. Vapex clears the breathing passages and kills the cold germs in the nose and throat.

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD. V 74a

UNTOLD AGONIES FROM INDIGESTION

"New Lease of Life in One Month"

To the real sufferer from indigestion this letter from Mr. Charles C————, of Gosport, Hants, needs no introduction :—

"After several years of untold agonies and operations for stomach trouble, duodenal ulcers, etc., which I can assure you have nearly ended in suicide, Maclean Brand Stomach Powder has given me a new lease of life after one month's treatment. I am still taking the powder, for I know it will cure me permanently of all pains.

"Everyone at home is surprised at the change it has made in me. I can enjoy life now without any fear of a recurrence. Please accept my sincere thanks for the new life your powder has given me."

No doctor will be surprised at this letter. All over the country, in all the leading hospitals, they know the formula of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and they know how amazing are the cures they effect with it themselves. Ask your doctor, he will urge you to take it at once.

But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder under that exact name, with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles, in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

STOMACH TROUBLE

Prompt Relief

Mr. A. WOOD, 13, Elliot Rd, Prince Rock, Plymouth, writes:—"I had two operations on the Stomach for Ulcers. After leaving Hospital the Ulcers returned, and for six years I have not known what it was to enjoy a meal and every two to four hours I was in terrible pain. I determined to give Vitadatio a trial and from the very first day I am eating and thoroughly enjoy three good meals a day, and have not had the slightest pain or discomfort."

Vitadatio

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites and most Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra in Great Britain only. Special 21/- bottles, containing 3 weeks' supply, for Export only, post free from VITADATIO, No. 121, Armley, Leeds. V156

SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS

A Free Trial Bottle of Mr. Godfrey's Hair Tonic.

Every man or woman whose Hair Growth is in any way failing can obtain a Trial Bottle of Mr. Godfrey's Radio-active Hair Tonic in return for the coupon which should be filled in on page 23.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER!

Special Concession

OFFER EXTENDED 15 DAYS

John Bull New Year Gift Voucher — VALUE 5/-

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as Five Shillings in part payment of the "John Bull" 10/- Pen and Pencil Set de Luxe. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Available only until January 31st, 1933.

10/- for 5/-

So great has been the last-minute rush to accept "John Bull's" Great Xmas Gift Offer, that rather than say "too late" to many of our readers, we have decided to extend the offer for 15 days.

Here's another opportunity, then! Grasp it at once, making sure that your application is received not later than first post Monday, January 16th.

Look what "John Bull" offers:—A 5/- Xmas Gift Voucher accepted as 5/- in part payment of "John Bull's" magnificent 10/- Writing Set De Luxe **OR** a 2/6 Xmas Gift Voucher which will be accepted as 2/6 in part payment of "John Bull's" 5/- Pen and Pencil Set.

WHICH SET WILL YOU CHOOSE?

Either will give you a Happy New Year for 1933 and for many years to come!

5/- WRITING SET FOR 2/6

Admire the handsome chasing of the Pen, the superb finish. The self-filling device is the very latest and the 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, will give years of writing joy. A 2-year written guarantee is sent with each pen, proof of its great reliability. The "Everpointed" Pencil to match complete with refills and pocket clip is a perfect companion.

EXTRACT OF LETTER RECEIVED FROM

Mr. W. WICHES, 417, Merlin Cresc., Edgware, Middx.

"I must say your last pen I had about 12 years ago, and is still doing its duty, and is as good as any 21/- pen on the market to-day."

John Bull New Year Gift Voucher — VALUE 2/6

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/6 in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Pen and Pencil Set. Only one voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Available only until January 31st, 1933.

5/- for 2/6

10/- WRITING SET OFFERED FOR 5/-

The graceful streamline, the superb finish, greatly enhanced by the rolled gold band and pocket clip, is a delight to the eye. The pen is fitted with heavy 14-carat solid gold nib, tipped with costly iridium. An up-to-date lever self-filling device is also of rolled gold. The "Everpointed" Pencil to match has the same beautiful streamline, and is complete with pocket clip and extra leads. This set is enclosed in a handsome presentation case, beautifully coloured with butterfly tints. A 5 years' written guarantee is sent with each De Luxe set.

Cash Your Gift Voucher To-day.

"John Bull's" New Year Gift Coupon.

To "JOHN BULL," Pen Dept. J.B, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/6, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Pen and Pencil Set. I enclose P.O. for 2/6, plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 2/9 in all. Pocket Clip for Pen 3d. extra.

OR

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value Five Shillings, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 10/- Pen and Pencil Set DE LUXE. I enclose P.O. for 5/-, plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 5/3 in all.

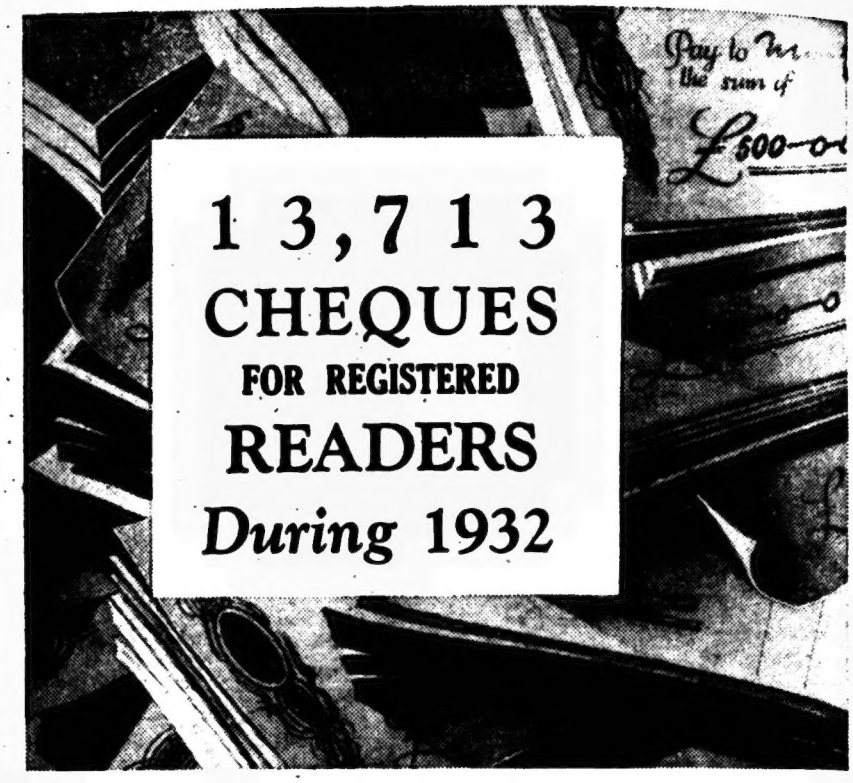
CROSS OUT GIFT NOT REQUIRED.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Fine—medium—broad nib (Cross out grades not required).
Cross Cheque P.O. / & Co. / and make payable to "John Bull." J.B. 31/12/32.



13,713 CHEQUES FOR REGISTERED READERS *During* 1932

THE unparalleled record of our Great Free Family Insurance during 1932 provides overwhelming proof that "John Bull" still offers the greatest free *home* protection in the world—that the many exclusive benefits offered are the most practical it is possible to devise.

During 1932 Fire reaped a heavier toll than ever in "John Bull" homes, Floods and Storms, the worst in thirty years, created havoc. Sickness and accident did their worst to undermine the courage of our readers.

We show below how the majority of these cheques were distributed:—

FIRE	3,727
STORM & FLOOD..	2,141
SICKNESS	828
HOME ACCIDENTS ..	1,833
CHILDREN'S ACCIDENTS	..4,546

Here is a record of which "John Bull" is rightly proud, a record which will establish our Free Insurance more firmly than ever in the hearts of our readers.

"John Bull" continues to be the ONLY paper to pay benefits on account of the most dreaded of all risks—Fire; the ONLY paper to pay cheques for Flood, Storm, and Sickness.

Don't let the New Year arrive without registering for this great gift of security if you have not already done so.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

Look out for an important announcement next week of vital interest to every reader.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 31/12/32

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

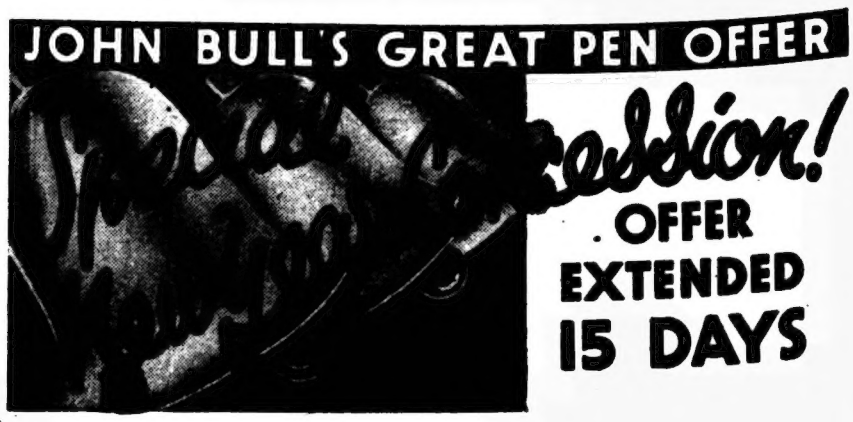
.....

Name and Address of Newsagent. .....

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.** J.B. 31/12/32



GOLDEN YEAR FOR SOME "BULLETEER"!

WITH the opening week of the New *Bullets* Year comes a new form of big prize. Instead of one cheque for the best *Bullet* in this contest, twelve big payments will be made; one for every month of 1933!

What a thrill to receive your first payment of £300 on January 26, knowing that eleven more big cheques are to follow it during the year!

To make a prize-worthy *Bullet*, all you have to do is to compress any rough idea which occurs to you as you read through the *Examples* into TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment, linking up aptly with the *Example* chosen.

Use simple, ordinary words, but choose them carefully, so that your efforts stand out clearly from those of other competitors.

Take, for instance, the *Example* No NEARER. Your first thought might be that all the bickerings about War Debts are simply delaying the return of prosperity. Then, seeking suitable phrasing, you might polish up the idea and condense it to No NEARER—PROSPERITY, WHILST NATIONS "NEAR," and so complete a *Bullet*.

Now spend a few minutes with the *Bullets* below, each of which has won a big prize, noting for yourself how ingenious wording has turned ordinary ideas into prize *Bullets*.

THE MANAGERESS—RUNS SHOW—WALK SHOWS!
REGARDLESS OF EVERYTHING—SACRED, WAR GODS WORSHIPPED.
LESSON FOR PARLIAMENT—WASTED—WASTE ISN'T LESSENED.
GOLDEN PROMISES—WORTH MILLIONS—OF VOTES!

Then make a start on your own efforts and remember that your entry must be in by Saturday, January 7.

"EXAMPLES" FOR COMPETITION No. 877.

BREAK IN THE CLOUDS	GOLDEN YEAR	MISTAKES
THE GOVERNMENT'S WAY	FORMIDABLE	TO THE PUBLIC
TO CHEER HIM UP	WINNING SMILE	NO NEARER
CAMBLE WITH FATE	FROZEN OUT	NEEDS
STOPPING AT THE OFFICE	STATESMANSHIP	AT OUR CLUB
CREAM OF SOCIETY	STILL RUNNING	ROLLING IN
WHEN FATHER PLAYS	WISTFULLY	KNITTING
END OF OUR TROUBLES	LONELY WOMAN	WHEN THEY MET
HER MISSION IN LIFE	THE OLD SCHOOL	HER HOUR
DYING FOR A DRINK	WISE WIFE	IN HIS DEN
CAUGHT IN THE ACT	FREE FROM CARE	

ARM YOURSELF FOR THE NEW YEAR FIGHT

THE year 1933 will be the greatest in the history of *Bullets*. *Are you ready for its golden opportunities?*

If you want to be amongst the big winners of the coming months, take the short cut towards success which has brought *Bullets* fame and fortune to many of the big winners of 1932. They accepted the practical assistance which can be yours each Thursday in the columns of *John Bull's* free weekly *Bullets Bulletin*.

Our files are bulging with proof of its constructive guidance. Let us dip, for instance, amongst the acknowledgments of big prizes in *Bullets* No. 869.

"Three months ago I started to take *Bullets Bulletin*. I am positive that I owe my present success to the helpful hints and suggestions contained therein." Thus writes C. W. Robson, 96, Greenwood Avenue, Acocks Green, Birmingham, winner of £300 First Prize.

"Watch the winners, enter regularly and study *Bullets Bulletin*"—this is the concentrated advice to would-be winners given by Mr. W. Brown, 106, Radford Boulevard, Nottingham, winner of £50 Second Prize.

"*Bullets Bulletin* is the biggest help possible, as it is teeming with most genuine advice. I never attempt to evolve a *Bullet* until I have read every word." That recommendation comes from Miss A. Foley, 33, Meadow Waye, Heston, winner of £2 10s.

Every day brings us a batch of letters like these. Is it not time that every Thursday brought *Bullets Bulletin* to you? Post off to-night the Free Help Coupon in this column and be well armed in the fight for big prizes!

The result of Competition No. 875 will appear in our next issue, on sale Thursday, January 5.

Free Help

A free weekly copy of BULLETS' BULLETIN is waiting to help you into the prize-list. Make sure of receiving this guide to success every Thursday by posting off this coupon to-day.

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed "& Co." payable to *John Bull*) to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin*, commencing with next available issue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Post to "Bulletin" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.

Do not enclose this coupon with "Bullets."

Example .....
Bullet .....
Example .....
Bullet .....
(877) P.O No. .....
Closing SAT., Jan. 7
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Signed .....
Address .....

Example .....
Bullet .....
Example .....
Bullet .....
(877) P.O No. .....
Closing SAT., Jan. 7
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
Signed .....
Address .....

Example .....
Bullet .....
Example .....
Bullet .....
(877) P.O No. .....
Closing SAT., Jan. 7
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed .....
Address .....

Example .....
Bullet .....
Example .....
Bullet .....
(877) P.O No. .....
Closing SAT., Jan. 7
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Signed .....
Address .....

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons:—"Bullets" No. 877, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in No. 877 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £300 paid to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 874 will be displayed in the window of Mr. E. P. Gardener, Gipton Wood Roundhay Road, Leeds.

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

Promotes that Singing Feeling

The "accompaniment" of perfect health

32 Printed and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2, England. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Post free, Inland and Canada, 13s. per annum; all other parts of the world 15s. 2d. per annum. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for Australia & New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co., 131, Varick Street, New York, U.S.A. Also on sale at W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd.'s Bookshops at 73, Marche-aux-Herbes, Bruxelles, and 248, Rue de Rivoli, Paris, and Messageries Dawson, 13, Rue Albouy, Paris. A4